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BY WILLIAM H. A. CARR

Nov. 22, 1963

A life had ended . . .

here is the complete story

John F. Kennedy was not only a President of the United States; he was a new kind of President.

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**JFK:
THE LIFE AND
DEATH OF
A PRESIDENT**

WILLIAM H. A. CARR

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1. *The Young, the Gay, the Brave*

FOR THIRTY-FOUR MONTHS and two days, John Fitzgerald Kennedy, as the thirty-fifth President of the United States, blazed brightly over the world like a flare in the night sky, lighting the dark way with the brilliance of his smile, his wit, his grace, his intellect, a "young, gay, and brave statesman"—as the British prime minister said after he was gone—"in the full vigor of his manhood," a man who "bore on his shoulders all the cares and hopes of the world."

A man unlike other men: a breaker of precedents. He was the first Roman Catholic to be chosen Chief Executive. At forty-three, he was the youngest man ever elected to the highest office in the land, and he brought to the White House with him one of the youngest First Ladies, and certainly the most beautiful, ever to grace that ancient domicile. Most significant of all, he was the first President born in the twentieth century, a truly modern man.

"He belonged uniquely to us—to this time and place, to this nation and generation—and to no other," Emmet John Hughes, who had been President Eisenhower's speech writer, wrote in *Newsweek*. "In all history, what else could he have been, where else be seen, and when else heard? A Hapsburg prince or a Bourbon sovereign? A minister to Victoria plotting designs of empire? A German chancellor fretfully patching the Weimar Republic? Or some earlier American President slackly presiding over the 1920s? Each weird image confirms how wholly and how rightly he found his home in this—our—generation."

And then Hughes, in the most eloquent of the countless eulogies to the martyred President, added, "Sometimes it happens so: the instant of history and the instinct of the man appear almost to plot their meeting with secretly timed precision. So it seems with us. We were clearly meant to be together, for this while. And this is why the assassin, as he

put a bullet in his brain, also put a scar upon our generation."

But before that wound was inflicted upon the soul of America, Jack Kennedy wrote a remarkable chapter in his nation's history. Despite incredible handicaps—of youth, of pain, of bigotry—he fought his way through the House of Representatives, through the Senate, and finally through the big iron gates that enclose the White House itself, until the fate of 182,000,000 Americans, and indeed of the entire world, lay in his hands.

It was an achievement that would have seemed fantastically out of the range of the boy who struggled with his allowance at boarding school; of the young Harvard undergraduate who had so little interest in politics on the campus; of the gallant Navy officer who suffered an agonizing ordeal to save his men. The girls who dated the eligible young millionaire at Palm Beach could never have imagined that the whole world would one day mourn his passing; and it would have been just as inconceivable to the Irish precinct captains who watched him win election to Congress after World War II, to the correspondents in Washington who saw him acquiring the skills of the legislator, to the vacationers on Cape Cod who waved to him on his sailboat.

In his short but eventful life were packed the elements of which legends are made: his defeat of Henry Cabot Lodge for the Senate in a year when Dwight D. Eisenhower swept Republican candidates into office with him in an overwhelming tide; the rejection of his bid for the Vice Presidential nomination in 1956; the award of the Pulitzer Prize to him for a book he wrote while recuperating from an operation on an old war wound.

No self-made man, not even in politics, he grew up with riches, enjoyed an excellent education, knew embassies and statesmen and the troubles of this modern world while still a youth. But in the end it was just this one man, John F. Kennedy, weighed against another, equally lonely young man, on that heart-stopping night when the voters expressed their wishes. One-tenth of one percentage point separated the victor from the vanquished when it was all over, but that one point made one man the leader of the most powerful country in the world.

And it cost him his life.

This is the story of that life. It is, in a way, almost the story of that generation.

II. *A Political Heritage*

THAT MOST PITILESS of American social commentators, Ambrose Bierce, once defined *politics* as "the conduct of public affairs for private advantage" and growled that a politician was "an eel in the fundamental mud upon which the superstructure of organized society is reared." This sort of cynicism toward the art, science, or practice of politics is almost traditional in the United States, but it is an attitude wholly alien to John F. Kennedy, for he was reared in an atmosphere of politics. For at least three generations now the Kennedys have been political movers and shakers.

As a young man at Harvard University, Jack once wrote to his father about a current paradox in Boston's always changing politics, involving Jack's Grandfather Fitzgerald and the old man's ancient foe, James Curley: "Tonight is a big night in Boston politics, as the Honorable John F. Fitzgerald is making a speech for his good friend, James Michael [Curley]. Politics makes strange bedfellows. . . ." It is a cliché that must often occur to the man in the White House today.

Jack Kennedy came by his political heritage through both sides of the family. The fathers of both his parents were among the top figures in Boston politics. His paternal grandfather, Patrick Kennedy, owned three saloons, a wholesale liquor company, a coalyard, and a piece of the Columbia Trust Company, but he was so active in politics that he became a member of the "Board of Strategy," a syndicate of

political bosses who ran Boston in the old days. Another member of that coalition was John F. (Honey Fitz) Fitzgerald, for whom President Kennedy's yacht is named.

Jim Curley, the in-and-out-of-prison Boston mayor, used to tell a story that indicated the hold that his enemy of many years, Honey Fitz, had on the voters. Curley was running a class in American history and civics at his political club for immigrants from Ireland who were about to take their citizenship tests. One day Curley asked one of the men in the class who made the nation's laws.

"John F. Fitzgerald," the man replied promptly.

And who made the laws of the great Commonwealth of Massachusetts?

"John F. Fitzgerald," the man responded, as in a litany.

And who was the President of the United States?

"John F. Fitzgerald."

The lowly potato sent the Kennedys, like so many other Irish families, to America. In 1845 Ireland had a population of about eight million. Four million were wretchedly poor and utterly dependent on the potato for food, although three-quarters of the land had been planted to other, exportable crops by order of the absentee landlords. When the potato blight appeared in September 1845, the entire land was at its mercy. For three years the blight lay on the land, destroying the potato crop almost overnight when it emerged, and famine stalked the green land.

Throughout the island men and women and children were starving to death, until the government stepped in with relief, and private charities opened their pursestrings. In the summer of 1847 three million Irishmen—nearly half the entire population—were being kept alive by charity. By 1848 the population of Ireland had been cut by death and emigration to six and a half millions, and to this day that country has not recovered from the blow.

Young Patrick Kennedy left Ireland during the Great Famine, when bodies lay in the ditches and gaunt, despairing men and women trudged aimlessly along the roads like refugees from a battlefield. New Ross is a town of moderate size in County Wexford, just across the River Barrow from County Kilkenny, in the southeast corner of Ireland, on the St. George's Channel. Pat left his thatch-roofed shanty and made his way to one of the Irish seaports, where he took passage in steerage, jammed in with other emigrants who had

paid \$20 as fare, meals included. The ship probably was a Cunard Line vessel, for Cunard ships docked at Noddle's Island in Boston Harbor, and it was there that Pat landed about 1850. This was in East Boston, a busy place in those days, with buildings going up and emigrants landing and looking for work. Ferries ran between Boston and East Boston every five minutes for a two-cent fare.

The first work that Pat got was cooperage. This was in an era when most workingmen had to put in a fifteen-hour work day seven days a week. There was a great demand for barrels in Boston, possibly because so many were needed for the beer and whisky in which the Irish sought solace from what was a hard life indeed; crammed into cellars and lofts and dingy tenements and treated as the lowest of the low—as each successive wave of immigrants has been treated.

The Irish were a clanny lot in those days, sticking together for mutual aid and protection, and they were the object of considerable prejudice. As President Kennedy himself has pointed out, in referring to those times, "The English said the Irish 'kept the Sabbath and everything else they could lay their hands on.'" The Irish, scorned by other groups, in turn transformed their own resentments into prejudices against the English, the Germans, the Jews, the Italians, the Slavs.

But somehow Pat got along, married (his bride was Irish too, of course), begot four children, and then died just before the Civil War, leaving his widow with three daughters and a baby, their only son, to support. Mrs. Kennedy went to work in a shop while the girls looked after their little brother, Patrick J. Kennedy, who had been born in January 1862. He went to a parochial school and soon began working to help his mother out. Then he worked for a time as a dock worker. But Pat realized that there were severe limitations on his ambitions—and he was an ambitious lad—if he were to depend only on his own physical labor. He saw the thirsty longshoremen making a line for the saloon across the street as soon as work was over, and he saw that the saloon keeper was prospering. Somehow he scratched together the money to open a saloon opposite a shipyard in East Boston.

Soon Pat Kennedy's saloon was a landmark in the area. Tired men stopped off on their way home after work. At night they would pour out of the dirty, dreary tenements to forget their troubles for a time in wild stories, sentimental

songs, and the fey legends of the Ould Country. And in drink.

Pat, a handsome, blue-eyed fellow with handle-bar mustache, stood five feet ten and weighed about 185 pounds. His popularity and native shrewdness made him a natural leader in the community. Like any wise saloon keeper, he sampled little of his own wares. Instead, he spent the slow hours of the day reading books, usually in American history. As the 1880s began, Pat began moving into politics, and his saloon became a political rallying place. He wasn't flamboyant; he didn't need to be. He helped the people in his neighborhood and so, when the time came that he needed votes, they helped him.

As the 1880s waned, Pat Kennedy ran for state representative five consecutive years, and won every time. And he did it with a minimum of campaigning and almost no speeches. His campaign quarters were in the back room of his saloon, where so many of the people in the area had gone to ask—and receive—the help of a man with influence. In later years Pat won election to the state senate and held a number of other public posts, including fire commissioner, street commissioner, and election commissioner. But he is best remembered in Boston as a political mastermind. Pat didn't care to be out in front of the crowd giving speeches; he preferred the quiet and orderliness of the back rooms, where he could meet with his lieutenants and with other political bosses to arrange things properly.

Pat was a great man for order. His grandson, the President, recalls visits to Grandpa Kennedy when he was a boy: "On those Sunday afternoon visits he wouldn't let us cut up or even wink in his presence."

To such an orderly man, it was only natural that the bosses should get together to decide on men and jobs in conference, instead of engaging in open fights at the polls. That was how the "Board of Strategy" came into being. Six bosses comprised the board: Pat Kennedy, Honey Fitz Fitzgerald, Martin Lomasney, James Donovan, Joseph J. Corbett, and W. T. A. Fitzgerald. Making their headquarters in the old Quincy House on Brattle Street, the Board of Strategy picked Democratic candidates and ran the city pretty much as it wanted.

Honey Fitz was as different a man and a politician from Pat Kennedy as he could possibly be. Where Pat was quiet and shrewd and kept his own counsel, Fitzgerald was boister-

us and outspoken and flamboyant. Where Pat preferred to operate behind the scenes, Honey Fitz—or Little Nap or The Little General, as he was often called—loved the color and excitement of a political parade and a rally, and nothing gave him more pleasure than to make a speech or engage in a political prank. There was, for example, the time that Jim Curley was about to address a crowd before the opening of the 1914 World Series (subsequently won by the Boston National League team in four straight games). As Curley rose to speak, Little Nap, his longtime foe, appeared around the corner, leading a big brass band which drowned out every word that Curley said.

Fitzgerald was short, about five feet two. He was famous for his smile, his dapper appearance, his air of insouciance, and his florid speeches. It was often said of him that he was the only man in the world who could sing "Sweet Adeline"—his favorite song—cold sober and get away with it. He would sing the song at the slightest excuse on any public occasion. He made a trip through South America once and years later, in 1940, he paid a visit to President Franklin D. Roosevelt when the latter was in Boston campaigning. "Dulce Adelina!" FDR cried when he saw the old man. "I've just come back from a trip to Latin America and everyone down there kept asking about you and talking about your singing that song."

Not long ago Joseph P. Kennedy, the President's father, told of one of his earliest recollections—hearing two men report to his father, "Pat, we voted 128 times today." There is little question that Honey Fitz's adherents were just as loyal, enthusiastic, and energetic, and we may fairly assume that their political ethics were no better. This, plus Fitzgerald's abundant charm, explains how he became a City Councilor, State Senator, Congressman, and the first native-born son of Irish parents to win election to the post of Mayor of Boston. (Collectors of trivia may also be interested in the fact that he was the city's first Mayor without a beard or a mustache. In such ways does a man win a place in a footnote to history.)

In 1906 Honey Fitz ran for Mayor and won; he was then about forty-three. He was elected again in 1910, but four years later he quit City Hall, and though he remained active in politics—he ran twice for U.S. Senator, twice for Governor, once for the House of Representatives—he never won

another election. He couldn't win a statewide election because the Boston Brahmins and the Yankees in the rest of the state didn't appreciate the kind of roughhouse politics that Fitzgerald's Irish constituents had loved. Even the support of the Church didn't help; in one election William Cardinal O'Connell asked Jim Curley not to run against Fitzgerald, who was (like Pat Kennedy) known as a devoted son of the Church, but Curley refused. Fitzgerald's best statewide fight was against the then incumbent U.S. Senator, the elder Henry Cabot Lodge, in 1916; he lost by only 30,000 votes to the man whose grandson, namesake, and successor as Senator would one day lose another senatorial election to Honey Fitz's grandson and namesake.

Modesty was not one of Fitzgerald's strong points. He claimed credit for so many things that at a banquet in his honor a friend of his summed up his career like this: "The Honorable John F. Fitzgerald discovered Niagara Falls, conceived the High School of Commerce, built City Hall Annex, invented political ether, put an end to the Spanish-American War and the World War of 1914-18, planned the Chamber of Commerce, freed Ireland—and invented the Ku Klux Klan to save the Irish from being bored in America."

Both Pat Kennedy and John F. Fitzgerald married girls from families—Irish families, of course—that were on a higher social level than their own. Where Pat and Honey Fitz had been "shanty Irish" or "Corktown Irish," their wives were "lace curtain Irish." (Joe McCarthy, a great reporter and a sparkling wit, in his book *The Remarkable Kennedys* defines the "lace curtain Irish" as "a family that has fruit in the house when nobody is sick.") Pat married Mary Hickey; one of her brothers was Mayor of Brockton, Massachusetts, a second was a doctor in Winthrop, and a third was a Boston police captain. Fitzgerald married Josephine Mary Hannon, whose family was prominent in Lexington. Now Jim Curley began to refer to Pat and Honey Fitz sarcastically as the "F.I.F."—"the First Irish Families."

Although Pat Kennedy and Honey Fitz were, more often than not, political allies, they could scarcely be called friends. Sometimes, to be sure, enduring friendships can be formed by two men who are the complete antithesis of each other, but this was not true of Pat and Little Nap. They frankly didn't like one another, even though each recognized that he needed the other politically. Considering the coolness be-

tween the two men, it must have come as a shock to both of them when they realized that they were in imminent danger of becoming relatives by marriage.

Joseph P. Kennedy, Pat's son, and Rose Fitzgerald, Honey Fitz's daughter, had known each other for years. Rose was one of six children. Joe, who was older than she, had been born in 1888. When they were both children, their families spent one summer together at Old Orchard Beach in Maine. They dated regularly for years. In fact, they went steady for seven years before they got married, Joe Kennedy recalls, while Rose went to Dorchester High School, the Sacred Heart Academy in New York, and to Europe on two tours with her family.

Her husband-to-be was no sluggard. At the age of nine he was a candy butcher on the Boston excursion boats. Later he was office boy in a bank. He went to the Assumption parochial school up to the seventh grade, then transferred to the famous Boston Latin School, where Henry Adams and Benjamin Franklin once had been students. In his senior year his activities on the baseball team won him the coveted Mayor's Cup—donated by his father-in-law-to-be, John F. Fitzgerald. In the summers he played baseball for Bethlehem in the White Mountain semi-pro league and later operated a sight-seeing bus. Through it all, Joe held firm to his determination to marry Rose Fitzgerald; "I was never seriously interested in anyone else," he recalls.

Their parents discouraged the match. Fitzgerald shuddered at the thought of his Rose having as father-in-law a man whom he regarded as dry, humorless, and cold. The Mayor tried to interest his daughter in a wealthy contractor, but Rose would have none of him. She was determined to marry the quondam saloon keeper's son.

Joe's mother had always wanted him to go to Harvard, and in 1908 he entered the Yard at Cambridge as a freshman. He was never better than a mediocre student; considering his astonishing aptitude for making money, this poor scholarship record cannot be considered an incentive to other ambitious youths to seek scholastic honors.

He was a top man in athletics, on the other hand, and in his junior year was a member of the varsity baseball team. "Pooch" Donovan, the coach, thought Joe might even become a professional baseball player, a big leaguer, and he tried to further this ambition by teaching him to slide into

bases. Donovan's training consisted of flogging Joe's legs with a rope or striking his head with a wet towel; neither method succeeded, for which later generations of athletes probably can be grateful. Once, when the baseball captain warned Joe that his grades in economics were so low that he was in danger of becoming ineligible for sports, young Kennedy transferred to a music class instead. His grades went up.

Among the Harvard undergraduates Joe Kennedy was popular because of his personality and his talent for baseball, but he never made the "best" clubs at Harvard—the so-called "final clubs" (such as Porcellian and A.D.). These are the clubs which connote high social status; in fact, the Boston newspapers used to print lists each year of the students elected to each club and the order in which they had been chosen, this order reflecting their families' prominence in society. Joe Kennedy was chosen as a member by Hasty Pudding, a fun-loving club founded in 1795, and by Delta Upsilon.

Friends of Joe Kennedy say that it nettled him not to be chosen for one of the elite clubs, but he could take consolation in the knowledge that many another illustrious graduate of that ancient institution graduated without having been invited to join any "final" club. In his own class of 1912, for example, others passed by these clubs included the celebrated author and editor, Frederick Lewis Allen, and the great humorist, Robert Benchley.

For three summers, while at Harvard, Joe and a college friend ran a sight-seeing bus on trips to Breed's Hill, the Old North Church, Lexington, Concord, and other historic Boston places. By the time Joe graduated from college, he had a nest-egg of \$5,000 from this enterprise, in an age when a dollar was, at the very least, a dollar.

That \$5,000 was the beginning of everything for Joe Kennedy. He had determined that he would become a millionaire. He had even set a deadline for this ambition: he'd make the million by the time he was thirty-five. This was too modest a goal, as it turned out: Kennedy was a millionaire several times over by then.

Mediocre student or no, there was no question that Kennedy had intelligence, and a great deal of it. As soon as he had been graduated from "Fair Harvard," he sought a job as a state bank examiner; through his father's political influence, he got it. Joe wanted the job in order to learn about

banking from the inside. He had been studying, and he knew the theory of banking; now he would learn the practice. The job offered another attraction: it would give him a chance to meet all of the bankers and many of the top business leaders in the city.

In a year, Kennedy's venture panned out to pure gold for him—and for his father and other relatives and friends. The \$1,500-a-year bank examiner, in the course of his duties, learned that the Columbia Trust Company was in danger of being taken over by a competing savings bank. Columbia was a neighborhood institution, important to the people of East Boston. Indeed, his own father was one of the stockholders. Joe talked to his father, to the rest of the family, and to his own and his family's friends and associates. He managed to scrape together \$45,000. He bought stock in Columbia with the money. By January 1914 he was ready to exercise his own voting rights and the proxies assigned to him by other stockholders.

He took over control of the company and became, at twenty-five, president of the bank.

Even John F. Fitzgerald had to concede that young Joe Kennedy did seem to be an up-and-coming young man, a fine brood of a boy, certainly one who should be a good provider for his Rose. Her engagement to Kennedy was announced.

On October 7, 1914, Rose Fitzgerald and Joseph Patrick Kennedy stood before William Cardinal O'Connell in the private chapel of the Archbishop's House. There were only a handful of witnesses present; most were from the immediate families: As best man, Joe had chosen Joseph Donovan, a close friend who had graduated from Harvard a year before

The young couple honeymooned at the Greenbrier at White Sulphur Springs.

They returned to set up housekeeping in a modest house on Beals Street in Brookline. The house cost \$6,500, and Joe had been forced to borrow \$2,000 for the down payment, because he had put all his own money into the Columbia stock deal. But it seems reasonable to assume that a bank president would not encounter great difficulty in obtaining a mortgage loan.

For a short time, young Kennedy was strapped financially. It was the only time in his life when he was to be short of funds. Kennedy was about to become really wealthy.

III. The Money Maker

THE TEMPTATION EXISTS among many writers to treat the rise of Joseph P. Kennedy, the President's father, as a rags-to-riches yarn. It isn't. Joe Kennedy's father had a good deal of money, and Joe himself was reared in comfortable circumstances. But Joe's amazing ability to dig a profit out of every opportunity—he even did well in the stock market crash of 1929 and during the worst of the terrible Depression—is the sort of story that calls for hyperbole.

While Rose settled down in Brookline and began producing babies at a rapid rate, beginning with Joe Jr. within a year of the wedding, her husband was out amassing a fortune. In 1917, with the war in Europe mounting toward a climax and the United States now a belligerent, the shipyards of the East Coast were booming with orders. Equipment, supplies, and men were streaming across the Atlantic in an almost unbroken flood, and ships were urgently needed, particularly after the German U-boats began sinking American ships. Joe turned over control of the bank to his father and took a position as assistant general manager of the huge Bethlehem Steel shipyards in Quincy, Massachusetts. He helped put the operation on a more profitable footing; for example, he installed a cafeteria so the men wouldn't have to leave the yard to get their meals—but the company made a healthy profit from the cafeteria.

The shipyard job was also notable for a dispute that developed between Kennedy and the Assistant Secretary of the

Navy, who demanded that Kennedy deliver some ships, as ordered, to the Argentine government. Kennedy refused because the Argentinians had not yet paid for the ships. Finally the Navy bigwig sent Navy tugs to tow the ships away from the shipyard.

The Assistant Secretary of the Navy was Franklin D. Roosevelt, a young New Yorker who would later be a friend and ally of Joe Kennedy.

When the war ended, the outlook was bleak for the shipyard. But Kennedy had an idea; why not try to sell ships to Galen Stone, a Wall Street investment banker who controlled a big shipping line?

He tried to get to Stone, but he was rebuffed, so he went about the matter in a more devious way. He found out that Stone was returning to New York from Boston on a certain train, so Kennedy hopped aboard the train, too, and carefully sat down in the seat next to the New Yorker. He soon had Stone engaged in conversation and began to argue for his shipyard.

Stone wasn't impressed sufficiently to buy any ships, but he was so impressed with Kennedy that he offered him a job in his investment firm, Hayden, Stone. Kennedy became head of the stock department in the firm's Boston office.

At last Kennedy was in the stock market, where he would acquire a large part of his enormous fortune—and, at the same time, a reputation as a brilliant, lone wolf speculator.

In 1924, he left Hayden, Stone in order to be free to operate on his own behalf. He was a free lance fisherman for goldfish in well-stocked waters, at a time when many others were getting only well-watered stock.

One of the strategies for which Kennedy became known was the stimulation of public interest in an unimportant stock which he had acquired. It was done like this: Kennedy would contact a number of other operators and they would become partners with him in a pool to buy, say, 100,000 shares of a cheap stock in which nobody had shown any interest. Once the stock was acquired, the members of the pool would create interest in it by buying and selling small lots of the stock to each other through exchanges all over the country. This practice is known as "window-dressing"—it leads the naïve (of whom there were even more in the stock market of the 1920s than there are in the market of the 1960s) to believe that "the insiders" know something that indicates

the stock will go up. The name of the stock kept appearing on the ticker tapes, and people began asking themselves, "What about this Amalgamated Armpit? Seems to be a lot of activity in it. Wouldn't be surprised if it went through the roof one of these days." Thus are men misled by their hopes. All Kennedy had done was "advertised the stock," as he has put it.

But the suckers began buying the virtually worthless stock as fast as they could get hold of it, or of enough money to buy it, and the members of the pool that Kennedy had organized would sell out quietly, having made a nice profit from the stock's rise on the market.

This sort of thing is strictly controlled today, but in the stock market of the 1920s, almost anything went.

During Kennedy's first year as a free lance, he was drawn into a situation that illuminated a number of facets of his character: his business dexterity, his loyalty to his friends, his energy. Walter Howey called on him for help.

Howey was one of the most colorful of the old Hearst editors. Indeed, he was the prototype for Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur of the tough managing editor in their rowdy play, *The Front Page*. Howey had befriended Kennedy's father-in-law, Honey Fitz, in the last gubernatorial contest, and Kennedy had told him to feel free to come to him any time he needed financial advice or assistance. Now Howey needed help.

It seems that Howey, a close friend of John Hertz, had bought a good deal of stock in the Yellow Cab Company. Three or four weeks before Howey came to Kennedy, Hertz had listed Yellow Cab on the New York Stock Exchange. Hertz's business rivals had immediately begun a campaign through a brokerage house to ruin the company by compromising its market position. Manipulation of stock by Hertz's enemies had driven Yellow Cab stock down 35 points in little more than a fortnight. Hertz and Howey hoped that Kennedy, who already was gaining a reputation as a wonder-worker in stocks, might be able to figure out some way to save the concern.

Kennedy was sick with neuritis and his wife was expecting their sixth child almost momentarily, but he responded at once. He was on the next train to New York. There he took a room in the old Waldorf, climbed into bed, and prepared to do battle with the financial wolves by telephone.

He began by telling Hertz that he'd need a \$5,000,000 war chest with which to work. Hertz got hold of the funds (from Albert Lasker and Philip Wrigley) and put them at Kennedy's disposal. By then the stock, which had been at 85 when it was listed on the Exchange, had dropped to 48.

It was a long, tough battle. Kennedy had telephones, telegraph machines, and a ticker tape machine installed in his room, plus a couple of assistants. "Lying there in bed, sick," he has since recalled, "I got on the telephones and went to work." He placed innumerable buy and sell orders, using a variety of pseudonyms, with many stock brokers throughout the country, and soon the bear operators who had set out to destroy Yellow Cab were so confused by what was happening to its stock that they were virtually helpless. They had lost the offensive and the tide of battle had turned against them—and they didn't even know who or where their enemy was. It seemed as though people all over the country were doing things to Yellow Cab stock. In the space of four weeks, the stock shot up from 48 to 62, then plummeted to 50 and later to 46, and finally climbed painfully to 51. There it remained, stabilized at last. The stock market pirates had lost the war.

And John Hertz's \$5,000,000 was intact.

It had been four wild, frenzied, tense weeks, but it had ended in victory. Now Joe Kennedy had time to think of other things. And now, suddenly, he realized that he had a new daughter he had never seen, although she was a month old. (That was Patricia.)

He climbed out of bed, threw on his clothes, left the hotel, and caught the first train for Boston.

It was about this time that Kennedy first became involved in politics—not, as Rose's father and his father-in-law had been involved, in local politics, but in national affairs. In 1924 Burton K. Wheeler, a radical Democratic Senator from Montana who became a vehement America First isolationist in the days before Pearl Harbor, was running for Vice President on the third-party Progressive ticket, which had Wisconsin's Senator Robert M. LaFollette as its candidate for President. On Labor Day, after addressing a Boston rally, Wheeler bumped into Kennedy, who had contributed \$1,000 to his campaign.

"I had a number of speaking engagements between Boston and Portland," Wheeler has since recollected, "and Joe asked

me how I was going to make the trip. I hadn't any plans, so he gave me a limousine with a chauffeur to take me on my way. When I returned to Boston, I saw Joe again, and he asked me how I was getting to New York. Again, I hadn't made any arrangements and this time Joe provided me with a Rolls-Royce and a chauffeur."

Why was Joe Kennedy, raised in the bosom of the Democratic Party, so ready to help the Progressive Party?

Many Democrats of Irish Catholic backgrounds felt that way at the time. They were bitter at the Democratic Party for not having nominated Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York for the Presidency. (That year the Democrats, after three weeks of convention, had finally nominated John W. Davis, general counsel of J. P. Morgan and Company, for President and Charles W. Bryan for Vice President.) Four years later Smith would get the nomination, of course, but now there was bitterness, and it showed up at the polls: The Republicans (Calvin Coolidge and Charles G. Dawes) got 382 electoral votes to 136 for the Democrats and 13 for the Progressives.

In 1925 Kennedy took his first flier at the motion picture industry; he put up \$120,000 for a production of *The Miracle Man* and got back \$3,000,000. It was not art, but Kennedy knew what he liked—money. He began getting deeper and deeper into the lucrative film business. Soon he owned a chain of thirty-one movie theaters in New England. Then he became interested in the Film Booking Offices of America, which combined production of films with the booking of movies. On February 24, 1926, Kennedy bought control of FBO from its English owners. He had the formerly ailing FBO on its feet quickly. For one thing, he instituted normal business practices: when he found that an accountant whose salary would be less than \$10,000 in another industry was being paid \$20,000 in Hollywood, he brought the salary down to realistic levels. He avoided competition with the big studios, concentrating instead on cowboy thrillers, costing a tenth of an average picture at a major studio. He produced two Gloria Swanson movies, because she was always one of his favorite actresses, but the pictures were not notable successes.

Kennedy sold an interest in FBO to David Sarnoff, head of the Radio Corporation of America. Then the youthful specu-

lator from Boston became chairman of the Pathé film company. Finally, he managed, with associates, to gain control of the Keith-Albee-Orpheum chain of theaters. He combined his interests with FBO and sold the whole works to RCA, which created out of the melange of companies a new corporation, Radio-Keith-Orpheum, better known as RKO, which later became an independent movie studio. During these maneuverings, Joe Kennedy was earning \$2,000 a week from each of the three companies (FBO, Keith-Albee-Orpheum, and Pathé), plus \$12,500 a month from another movie company, First National, for acting as a special advisor.

And this was in those golden days when the income tax, legalized little more than a decade earlier, took only a very small bite out of income. All in all, Kennedy made about \$5,000,000 from the movie industry.

One of the best stories from his Hollywood days concerns *Queen Kelly*, one of the gothic creations of the eccentric German genius, Erich von Stroheim. It was never finished. Von Stroheim used to work out his plots from day to day as he went along. This plot, which had no ending when filming began, was about a convent-bred girl who is seduced, then inherits a string of bawdy houses in Africa. The climax, as far as Kennedy (and Miss Swanson) saw it, came during the filming of a flashback scene, showing the brothel keeper's death bed, with a handsome, young priest, full of admiration for the old trollop, administering Extreme Unction, the last rites of the Catholic Church. Miss Swanson heard about it, then walked off the set "to make a phone call." She never went back. Joe Kennedy sacked von Stroheim and hired another director, but all to no avail; no one could ever figure out a respectable ending for the movie, so Kennedy had to chalk up a loss on the picture of more than \$750,000.

When Joe decided that he'd had enough of Hollywood, he went back to Boston, bundled up his family, and carried them off to New York. There they lived in the outlying areas—first in the lovely Riverdale section of the Bronx, and soon afterward in the pleasant suburb of Bronxville. Joe Kennedy had found Boston suffocating; the Boston Brahmins were still closing too many doors in his face. Also, most of his activities now centered about Wall Street.

As he told a Boston Chamber of Commerce luncheon,

with characteristic bluntness, "Boston is a good city to come from. But it's not a good city to go to. If you want to make money, go where the money is."

He went where the money was, and he made a lot of it. But the times worried him. One day he stopped for a shoeshine, and the boy told him what was going to happen next in the stock market. It was bad enough, from Joe's point of view, when a shoeshine boy was drawn by the dreams of gold and glory that produced stock market money, but it was even worse when the boy was right! Kennedy cashed in his chips, according to widely accepted reports which he doesn't trouble particularly to deny, and decided to sit on the sidelines for a few months.

Soon afterward, the great crash of 1929 occurred. When the market hit bottom Kennedy, still untouched by the almost universal catastrophe, was able to step in and buy securities for a small fraction of their long range value.

But others had not been so fortunate. During the panic, men leaped out of high windows; fortunes were wiped out; women of social prominence found they had become paupers; men and women by the millions lost their jobs and were unable to find new employment; there was no public relief program that could really do the necessary welfare job. To many, including Kennedy, it seemed that the American system was close to the maximum stress that it could bear. That meant that a real crisis was at hand: "big, drastic changes had to be made in our economic system."

For that reason—and also, in all probability, because he wanted to be on the winner's side—Kennedy supported the Democratic candidate for President in 1932 and contributed to his campaign. The candidate was his old friend and adversary, Franklin D. Roosevelt.

For part of the campaign, Kennedy actually traveled on the campaign train with FDR himself. The precise extent of his services to Roosevelt cannot be measured today, but it is significant that Joe went to California to visit his old friend, William Randolph Hearst, the newspaper magnate, immediately before meeting with FDR at Warm Springs, Georgia, in the spring of 1932. And during the convention two months later, the deadlock between Roosevelt and Al Smith for the nomination was broken when California—under the prodding of Hearst—switched her forty-four votes from John

Nance Garner to Roosevelt. (Garner was nominated for Vice President.)

But politics was only a sideline to Joe Kennedy. He was dabbling in all manner of stocks because, having pulled out of the market just in time to save his fortune, he now had the money, as few men did, to buy the depressed stocks at rock-bottom prices. Moreover, he was still engaged in all manner of deals. In the words of *Fortune* magazine, "He moved in the intense, secretive circles of operators in the wildest stock market in history with routine plots and pools, inside information, and wild guesses."

One of the pools involved Libby-Owens-Ford, the glass-making concern. Kennedy had a one-sixth interest in a LOF pool from June 1 to October in 1933, and the pool produced \$400,000 in profits for him and the other speculators as a result of the buyers' rush they created by fostering the illusion of activity in the stock.

While the pool was making its profits, the Senate Banking and Currency Committee was authorizing an investigation of stock market practices. Ferdinand Pecora was named to head the inquiry. The Libby-Owens-Ford pool was one of the questionable practices which the committee investigated. The committee came to the conclusion that Kennedy's pool in the stock "was materially aided by a popular delusion that the company was engaged in manufacturing glass bottles and was therefore to be classed as a repeal stock, whereas in fact it made no bottles and its business was in no way enhanced by the repeal of Prohibition."

As a result of its study of this pool and other Wall Street practices, the committee recommended a number of far-reaching reforms which subsequently became law. One of them was the Securities and Exchange Act of 1934, which set up the Securities and Exchange Commission as a federal watchdog. Its job was to clean up the stock market, put an end to shady practices and tricks for gulling the innocents, and to control the conditions under which securities were sold.

To the astonishment—and dismay—of the liberals who were out to do battle with the giants of Wall Street, President Roosevelt named as the first chairman of the SEC Joseph P. Kennedy, one of the biggest Wall Street wolves of them all. The liberals made it clear how they felt; they went

on the record with public comments about his appointment, and the comments included such phrases as "incredible," "grotesque," and "appalling." John T. Flynn, who had been Pecora's aide in the investigation (he later became an extreme conservative), said of Kennedy's appointment: "I say it isn't true. It is impossible. It could not happen." And newspaper tycoon Roy Howard went to FDR personally to protest the selection.

But the liberals were wrong when they said that a Wall Streeter famous for his intrigues could not be expected to clean house. Kennedy went after the "blue sky" operators, the "bucket shops," the heartless brokers who encouraged stock purchases on excessive margin, and all the other illicit and semi-lawful confidence men who were using the stock market as a means to make suckers out of honest investors. Kennedy stayed at the SEC for 15 months, and when he left, it was on such a sound footing that it remains to this day one of the few regulatory agencies of the federal government which consistently maintain the respect of the people.

At the beginning of his term with the SEC, when the liberals were still loudly condemning Kennedy's appointment, another controversy was simmering behind the scenes. Fortunately for Kennedy and President Roosevelt, the lid was not lifted off *that* pot until 1938, five years after the fact, when it had lost its timeliness and much of its capacity to work political mischief. The long-overlooked unpleasantness dealt with liquor, Repeal, and one of President Roosevelt's sons. In September 1933 Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy went to Europe with James Roosevelt and his wife, the former Betsy Cushing. Prohibition was about to be repealed, and Joe realized that this opened the door to new profits for a quick-moving entrepreneur. He had already organized Somerset Importers, Limited, to bring in liquor from abroad. Then, on the trip with Jimmy Roosevelt, he came back with contracts making Somerset the United States importers for Haig and Haig, King William, and John Dewar Scotch whiskies and for Gordon's gin.

When the story finally broke, in the pages of *The Saturday Evening Post*, it was suggested that young Roosevelt had opened doors to Kennedy. As the President's son, it was alleged, Jimmy had introduced Kennedy to the British distillers who signed the contracts with Somerset. Moreover, Kennedy was able to get government permits to import huge

quantities of foreign liquor "for medicinal purposes only" in the last months of Prohibition. When Repeal became the law, and people could drink without subterfuge, Somerset's warehouses were bursting with good whisky and gin. Kennedy has denied with considerable vehemence, however, that Jimmy Roosevelt or anyone else helped him in the Somerset operation.

After getting the SEC on a firm foundation, Kennedy resigned, and went back to Wall Street. He planned the reorganization of the Radio Corporation of America (fee: \$150,000) and told Paramount Pictures how to make its operations more profitable (fee: \$50,000). And then he went back to Washington.

This time it was the Maritime Commission. Congress had authorized the creation of the commission in June 1936 but that was an election year, and the commission got lost in the excitement of the campaign, during which Kennedy had written a book, *I'm for Roosevelt*. Now it was 1937, and FDR decided Joe Kennedy was just the man to get the commission floating. It took Joe a year to carry out what he called "the toughest job I ever handled in my life, without any reservations whatever."

By this time Kennedy was a confidante of the President, who not only respected and admired him, but also enjoyed his companionship. There was nothing phoney or pretentious about Joe Kennedy, and he had a keen mind and a ready wit.

The Maritime Commission assignment had not yet been completed when President Roosevelt offered the post of Ambassador to Great Britain to Joe Kennedy. There were undoubtedly many reasons for FDR's choice of Kennedy. FDR's was a whimsical sense of humor, and the thought of sending an Irish-American Catholic to the Court of St. James must have amused him. Then, too, it has always been the custom to reward big campaign contributors with diplomatic posts, and Kennedy was a very big contributor: in the 1932 campaign he had donated at least \$25,000 to the Democratic war chest, loaned \$50,000 to the national committee, and personally raised over \$100,000 from his friends and associates for the campaign—and he did at least as well four years later.

It was 1938 when Joe and Rose Kennedy arrived in London. They were welcomed with open arms, so much so that Arthur Krock was able to write in *The New York Times* a

few months later that Kennedy was "the rage of London," and that "his counsel [is] steadily sought by the statesmen, his influence manifest and powerful in all matters in which the United States has an interest in Great Britain." All in all, Kennedy was enjoying "such a taking-up socially and officially as no American perhaps has known abroad since Franklin's day," according to Krock.

Before Kennedy had been in London a year, however, his relations with Roosevelt had cooled considerably. FDR had been told that Joe was aiming at the Presidency itself, and Roosevelt didn't like the idea a bit.

International developments also contributed to the increasing chill between the two men. Kennedy had grown very close to Prime Minister Neville Chamberlain, the pathetic Tory leader who had negotiated the Munich "appeasement" pact with Hitler and returned to England to announce to his people, "I bring you peace in our time."

Kennedy thought Chamberlain had been absolutely right to sacrifice Czechoslovakia rather than stand up against the Nazis at that time, and he indicated his sympathies in public speeches.

In a speech to the British Navy League, Kennedy made some remarks that were to affect his own and his son's political reputations in the years to come. What Joe said was this: '

"It has long been a theory of mine that it is unproductive for both the democratic and the dictator countries to widen the division now existing between them by emphasizing their differences, which are now self-apparent. Instead of hammering away at what are regarded as irreconcilables, they could advantageously bend their energies toward solving their common problems by an attempt to re-establish good relations on a world scale.

"It is true that the democratic and the dictator countries have important and fundamental divergencies of outlook, which in certain matters go deeper than politics. But there is simply no sense, common or otherwise, in letting these differences grow into unrelenting antagonisms. After all, we have to live together in the same world, whether we like it or not."

This viewpoint saved many labels for Kennedy: he was called an advocate of coexistence at best; of appeasement at

Whether Kennedy was right or wrong in his point of view, he was certainly indiscreet in discussing it publicly. Winston Churchill and other militant British political leaders felt that Kennedy was interfering in internal politics in Britain by making such a speech.

But Kennedy was trying to help the victims of Nazism. He offered a plan, which was never put into effect, for the re-settlement of 600,000 German Jews in sparsely inhabited parts of the world, where they would be free from persecution. (It is characteristic that Kennedy announced his plan to the press before notifying President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Cordell Hull.)

From his vantage point on the edge of Europe, Kennedy watched the Old World slipping quickly toward war. Since 1933, when Adolf Hitler took power in Germany, war had seemed less distant with every year. And even before the crooked cross waved over the *Reichs Chancellery* in Berlin, there had been rumblings of the war to come: the Manchurian crisis of 1931 heightened international tensions. In 1935 the Italian fascists under Benito Mussolini invaded Ethiopia. In the following year the Spanish Civil War—the dress rehearsal for World War II—broke out, and it did not end until 1939. In 1937 there was the “China Incident,” as the Japanese called their undeclared war against the Chinese republic. In 1938 Hitler absorbed Austria into the German Reich, having already won the Saar in 1935 and the Rhineland in 1936. On August 23, 1939, the Hitler-Stalin peace pact was signed, and on September 3, 1939, war was declared between Great Britain, standing by her ally, Poland, on the one hand, and Nazi Germany on the other.

Now coexistence was out of the question. A state of war existed between the democracies and the dictatorships. With his former position no longer feasible, where would the U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James stand?

Kennedy kept urging that the United States keep out of the war. He urged it privately and publicly. He was generally identified with isolationist sentiment, although he was not opposed to aid to the British. He thought that aid to the British would prolong their fight and give us more chance to prepare for defense of the continental United States.

In the 1940 campaign, despite some misgivings, Kennedy supported Roosevelt in his campaign for an unprecedented third term. His backing was especially important that year,

because the Democrats were worried that many Irish Catholics might desert the party. Kennedy helped to keep them in FDR's following.

Shortly after the election, however, Kennedy gave an interview to a Boston reporter, and the article that appeared virtually destroyed his political life. In the interview, as it appeared in print, Joe said, "Democracy is finished in England. It may be here." He indicated a low opinion of the British politicians and statesmen: the Queen, he said, had "more brains than the Cabinet." He said the United States would get into the war "only over my dead body—I'll spend everything I've got to keep us out."

The interview, when published, put an end to Kennedy's usefulness in London. *The New York Herald Tribune* expressed a widespread attitude when it commented, "If Mr. Kennedy is not an out-and-out advocate of appeasement, he is nevertheless a defeatist of the first order."

Joe Kennedy offered his resignation. It was quickly accepted at the White House. His public career was over.

IV. Bringing Up a President

WHILE JOE KENNEDY was busy making millions and dabbling in top-echelon politics, his wife was at least as busy raising a big family. There were nine children in all, born in this order: Joe Jr., Jack, Rosemary, Kathleen, Eunice, Patricia, Jean, Robert, and Edward. The first was born in 1915 and the last arrived in 1932—a span of 17 years.

The second son, John Fitzgerald Kennedy, was born in Brookline on May 29, 1917. For the next seven years he played second fiddle to his older brother, Joe. "Jack and Joe used to fight a lot as boys," Bobby told a *Life* reporter, "but I was nine years younger, so I escaped that."

Old Joe was away from home a great deal—usually he got home only for weekends, and sometimes not even then—so young Joe took it upon himself to be the man of the house during his father's absences. Jack found this attitude, from a brother just two years older, somewhat hard to take. He resented it to the point of battle on occasion. Jack has never been known for a phlegmatic temperament, and Joe was as hot-tempered as an Irishman ever gets, which is quite warm.

When old Joe was home, he sometimes became so wrapped in thoughts about his financial coups that he'd forget everything. The family tells of one time when he was pulling one of the children on a sled—but left the poor youngster stuck in a snowbank. Usually, however, the father's presence stimulated the whole family. He always

encouraged the children to compete as vigorously as possible. Never be content with second best, he frequently told them—and "second best," to the Kennedys, meant anything but first place.

Rose Kennedy found that taking care of a large family creates some special problems.

"I kept a card catalogue of my children," she recalled not long ago, "recording when each had measles, whooping cough, chicken pox, or any of the children's diseases. I made a record of each physical examination and the result of each visit to a dentist."

Just keeping the peace required strategic planning.

"From the beginning," Mrs. Kennedy says, "I tried to avoid the causes of friction among a large family of children. If they have their own bedrooms, their own toys to play with, and their own belongings, they are not likely to quarrel about them.

"Members of any big family know that a single bathroom will cause disputes. We always had at least three.

"We had two boats with enough room to accommodate all of the children. When we first came to Hyannis Port, we had one large boat and named it *The Ten of Us*. When Teddy was born we bought another and named it *One More*. . . .

"I made it a point to be home at mealtime, particularly in the late afternoon and evening, because children are tired then. The nurse and governess—the cook and domestic help—were tired, too. At lunch time the older children sat at a big table. Two of the little ones sat at a small table. At dinner time the younger ones would eat in the nursery and the older ones might eat at different times.

"In any case, mealtime was the place for family discussions that sometimes led to arguments. Just as in any other big family, the children might surreptitiously punch or kick each other under the table. That was never too disturbing. If children do not become adjusted one year, they will the next.

"The children argued about everything and among themselves in sports and games. They were taught to ski, play tennis, to swim and play golf. One of the chief problems for parents of large families is to keep the children occupied, particularly during the holidays. We always had a program prepared for them. They raced against one another and a

family team against others on foot, in swimming, and in boats during the summer.

"Throughout the school year they had the same interests and engaged in the same sports as children in our neighborhood. We always lived in a house near a good school and a good playground. It was our idea that if they had to do something, they ought to learn how to do it well in order to compete with children in the neighborhood. All of them went to dancing schools and they began when they were quite young."

In the early days, in Brookline, the Kennedys lived on a simple scale. "At that stage," Mrs. Kennedy says, "we were happy to pile our growing family in a model T Ford every Sunday and Joe would drive ten miles to Winthrop to visit his parents. . . . On pleasant days I took the children on walks."

The first school that Jack Kennedy attended was the Dexter School, a private (but not Catholic) school six blocks from the twelve-room Kennedy house at Naples and Abbotsford Roads. It is a curious fact that none of the Kennedy boys went to Catholic schools (except for a very brief excursion by Jack) but all the Kennedy girls went to convent schools.

Education was perhaps the most difficult problem arising out of the elder Joe's increasingly broad business interests. During the 1920s, Joe had less and less business in Boston to keep him there, and more and more business in New York. All the pressures were pushing the Kennedys toward New York.

The stumbling block was Rose. She didn't want to move. I did not want to move each time Joe changed business enterprises because I thought it was wrong to interrupt school, their friendships, and the routine of the family. I felt the same way when it became necessary to move to New York."

Rose held out as long as she could, and then the family left Boston. Old Joe was happy to leave, for social as well as business reasons. He felt rather bitterly about Boston. He had found out—the hard way—that even wealth and high political connections were not enough to penetrate the barrier behind which the Back Bay aristocracy were protected from the mob. "They wouldn't have asked my daughters

to join their debutante clubs," Kennedy once observed sourly.

And it also rankled with him that the Boston newspapers always referred to him as an Irishman. "I was born here," he says. "My children were born here. What do I have to do to be an American?"

When the Kennedys pulled out of Boston they did it in style. Kennedy arranged for a private railroad car. It was shunted on to a siding not far from the family's Brookline home, and carried the entire household to Riverdale, a quiet, tree-shaded section of the Bronx.

They only remained in Riverdale for a couple of years. Then the arrival of still more little Kennedys forced them to seek a bigger house. They found it in Bronxville, a fashionable suburb of New York City in Westchester County. The Bronxville house had eleven bedrooms, and the Kennedys needed every one of them.

The Kennedys were rich now, fabulously rich, and they lived the life of the very rich. They summered at Hyannis Port, on Cape Cod, and in winter they went (the children on their holidays, of course) to Palm Beach. And whenever a member of the family was visiting Europe, he could take advantage of the family villa at *Val-sur-Mer*, on the French Riviera.

At places like these the Kennedys were welcomed into the "best" social circles. They might still be Irish upstarts to the Boston Brahmins, but in Palm Beach they were welcomed and swept up in the current of social events. There was the time, for example, when a "Chinese auction" was held for the benefit of St. Mary's Catholic Hospital. In a "Chinese auction" each bidder contributes only the difference between his bid and the previous bid, but if there is a bid subsequent to his, then the bidder has made his contribution and lost, and therefore must bid again if he wants the item. The bidding at the St. Mary's auction was for a Cadillac, and the rivalry was hot. Joe Kennedy the elder, Thomas J. Watson of International Business Machines, oilman Joseph E. Davies, and Brigadier General Ralph Robertson were the most active bidders, but a Texas oilman finally won the car by bidding \$100,000.

Balance was provided by Mrs. Kennedy, an unassuming woman who hated gossip and loved the Church. She neither spread gossip nor listened to it; when the furor over Britain's

King Edward VIII and Mrs. Wallace Warfield Simpson was at its height on both sides of the Atlantic, Rose refused to permit her friends to discuss it at a card party—"no, not in my house."

She used to take the small children to church every day, so they wouldn't have the idea that religion and ethics are for Sundays only. "You have to tend to the roots as well as the stems and slowly and carefully plant ideas and concepts of right and wrong, religion and social implications and applications," she said.

But she liked her arduous task. "Having a large family is a more interesting experience than any other that I know and it ought to be viewed that way," she argued. "It's quite a challenge. Children are interesting. No two of them are like."

Jack Kennedy has said of his mother, "She was terribly religious. She was a little removed, and still is, which I think is the only way to survive when you have nine children. I thought she was a very model mother for a big family."

All of the children learned swimming, boating (Jack called his own boat *Victura* under the impression that it was Latin for "Victory"), tennis, golf and other sports.

They competed in sports with a do-or-die feeling that was sometimes rather awesome to other people. There was the day at Hyannis Port, for example, when Joe Jr. and Jack were to take part in a sailing race between their own yacht club and a neighboring club. A strong, erratic wind was whipping the waves into white caps in treacherous criss-cross patterns on the day of the race. The officials agreed that the weather was too rough to permit the race to be held. To prove that the race could be held, the two Kennedy boys leaped into their boat and set off into the rough water. A couple of hundred yards from shore, they were both pitched off the boat by unexpected waves. Strong swimmers, the boys were able to make their way to the empty boat and climb back into it. When they got back to the anchorage, they argued with the yacht club officials—their own feat, they insisted, proved that the weather wasn't too bad for sailing! (Nevertheless, the race was called off.)

It was a big, noisy, clannish family. Justice William O. Douglas of the United States Supreme Court, who has been a friend of the family since old Joe's days at the SEC, says, "Most youngsters, as they grow up, seek their main stimu-

lation and interests outside the home but the Kennedys found these things in their own family circle. After all, it was an exciting home, a good place to be, full of fun and games and plenty of fascinating talk about world affairs and world leaders. It was hard for them to find anything so attractive outside. This is why they are so attached to each other, and so secure."

Just before the 1960 Presidential campaign, old Joe Kennedy talked about the Kennedy clannishness. "They've always been very close to each other," he said of his offspring. "The girls are scattered all over the country now, but they still talk to each other on the phone twice a week. Jack and Bobby and Teddy are always together. All of them have always seemed to have a lot of fun and enjoyment out of being with each other, more so than you find in most big families."

He sat silently for a moment, and then smiled.

"You hear a lot today about togetherness," he said. "Long before it became a slogan, I guess we had it."

When the father went to Washington to head the SEC, he bought a twenty-five room house, "Marwood," near Rockville, Maryland, so that he could be with his family and still commute to the capital twenty-five miles away. All of the children except Joe Jr. were with the parents there. (Young Joe was at Harvard.) Whenever Joe invited his friends and associates to "Marwood," he told them to be sure to bring a bicycle. The Kennedy children weren't spoiled, but with nine of them running around, life in the Kennedy household was unavoidably child-centered.

Each of the children was promised one thousand dollars if he didn't smoke or drink anything alcoholic before he was twenty-one. All nine earned the money.

The Kennedy spirit and *éclat*—and the size of the family—was the cause of some merriment as well as admiration. In the late 1930s a musical comedy on Broadway, *Leave It to Me*, poked gentle fun at our Ambassador to England and his brood. Victor Moore and Sophie Tucker were the stars. Miss Tucker played the part of the wife of the Ambassador to Russia, who had five daughters. A line which got a big laugh was Sophie's: she said that if she'd had four more children she "would have had London." Anyway, she said, she was planning on having a baby a year for five years—and *that* ought to put the Kennedys in their place. (Jack Ken-

nedy saw the play and wrote to his father in London, "It's pretty funny and the jokes about us got by far the biggest laughs—whatever that signifies.")

The British, a people who at heart love forthrightness and distrust affectation, welcomed Joe Kennedy and his family with open arms when they arrived to take up residence in the thirty-six room Embassy residence at 14 Prince's Gate. The London newspapers printed pictures of the Ambassador enjoying a morning canter in Rotten Row and relaxing during a press conference with his feet up on a desk.

Kennedy, it was reported, told Queen Elizabeth that she was a pretty dish. The Queen may have been a bit flustered, but she was said to have been delighted by the homey compliment.

Everything about the Kennedys was news: that Rose Kennedy bought up to two hundred dresses a year for her five daughters, that Joe thought the English cut their shirts too long and their trousers too high. When Kennedy, presenting himself for the first time at Court, elected to wear ordinary trousers instead of knee breeches, there was a big to-do in the press. (Actually Kennedy was concerned about the political cartoons that knee breeches might suggest back home.)

Joe Kennedy was ready to go along with a friendly joke at his own expense. When the owner of an apartment next door to the Embassy put up a sign reading, "Large Family Flats," the Ambassador laughed as much as anyone. When he made a hole-in-one playing his first round of golf in England ("... a great beginning!" exclaimed *The Daily Express*, tongue in cheek), Kennedy told the London reporters, "I am much happier being the father of nine children and making a hole in one than I would be as the father of one child making a hole in one." It may not have been a sparkling witicism, but the British loved it.

The girls all transferred from convent schools in the United States to convent schools in England, but the boys continued to go to private but non-Catholic schools in America.

It was in England that one Kennedy girl had her debut. Despite her father's insistence that his daughters were not interested in society, it had been obvious all along that Joe still smarted from the fact that the Boston Brahmins refused to

acknowledge him as a member of the elite. He had made vast amounts of money, but he hadn't been able to buy his way into the exclusive circle of Back Bay aristocracy.

But now the Kennedys were in Britain, where a debutante's "coming-out" begins with her presentation at Court. In the fall of 1938 Kathleen was presented to the King and Queen with great solemnity, and afterward she was presented to society at a reception and dinner in the English-Speaking Union at Dartmouth House.

It was at her debut that Kathleen—"Kick" was the name by which she was known to her family and friends—met William Cavendish, Marquess of Hartington, whose life would ultimately be intermingled with hers in tragedy.

"Kick" was Jack Kennedy's favorite sister, although there was remarkable affection among all the brothers and sisters. The only real strain on the family ties was the rivalry between Joe Jr. and Jack. They had competed since infancy, and their competition had often led to physical combat.

It was not a competition of equals. Joe was bigger than Jack; he was heavier; he was more exuberant and expansive. Like many another boy in similar circumstances, he tended to be a tyrant with his younger brothers and sisters. "He had a pugnacious personality," Jack Kennedy has since recalled. "Later on it smoothed out, but it was a problem in my boyhood."

At school, Joe earned better marks than Jack, and he was more popular. He achieved a good deal of success in athletics, which was always something of a closed door to the second brother. In the long run, Jack turned out to have more intellectual talents than Joe (despite Joe's consistently higher school grades). "Jack turned out to be our most intellectual member of the family because he wasn't strong enough as a kid to go in for athletics as much as Joe and the other boys," says sister Jean.

Jack himself once wrote that "Joe made the task of bringing up a large family immeasurably easier for my father and my mother, for what they taught him he passed on to us, and their teachings were not diluted through him but strengthened."

But these were after-thoughts, written when Joe had figured in the family's terrible double grief. At the time they were both boys, Joe and Jack fought furiously. Joe almost always won.

Sometimes the raging battles were fought throughout the length of the house while the younger brothers and sisters hid upstairs, afraid even to watch the combat.

Even accidents seemed to come out in Joe's favor. The two boys, riding bicycles around the block, collided at a corner. Twenty-eight stitches had to be taken in Jack's skin to close up his wounds; there wasn't a mark on Joe.

But fate had decreed that Jack would win by survival, despite great travail, in the long run. For Joe was condemned to an early death.

V. *A President Goes to School*

THE PRESIDENCY OF THE UNITED STATES is an office of such power and importance that its occupant may fairly be described as a great man *ex officio*. But "the world's great men have not commonly been great scholars," as Oliver Wendell Holmes once pointed out, and John F. Kennedy is no exception to that rule. Although he ultimately graduated *cum laude* from college, Jack Kennedy was not the ideal student in his earlier days.

From 1926 to 1928 Jack attended the Dexter School in Brookline, Massachusetts, six blocks from his parents' home. This was a private (but not parochial) elementary school. Jack remained at Dexter through the third grade, but the records of his sojourn there are scanty. One memento of those days has come down to us—a photograph of Jack as an eager, determined member of the Dexter football team. He was ten years old then, and the football helmet on his head comes down almost to his bright, young eyes, its side flaps barely leaving the center of his face uncovered. He looks like a boy who will be hard to stop once he gets the ball and runs for the goal line.

Jack left the Dexter School when the family moved from Brookline, first to fashionable Riverdale and soon afterward to a big, handsome house surrounded by vast lawns at 294 Pondfield Road in suburban Bronxville. The Kennedy boys went to the Riverdale School there. Riverdale is a secular private school of world-wide fame; although it is primarily

a day school, its students come from a score or more of foreign countries, in addition to the United States. The quality of the teaching is remarkably high.

For three years Jack Kennedy attended Riverdale. Those years covered the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades, which might be considered the final years of his elementary education (in educational systems which employ junior high schools, that intermediate school begins with the seventh grade). His mother often visited the school to discuss his progress with his teachers, and what she heard certainly was not displeasing: he was considered polite and industrious. The teachers regarded him as a likable little fellow, with his bright, open face and his slight, almost frail build. They did comment on his hot temper, but that was nothing to disquiet Rose Kennedy. Then, as later, Jack's favorite subject was English history.

The teachers at Riverdale remember Jack Kennedy mainly for a reason utterly unrelated to pedagogy—they were occasionally invited to the Kennedy home by Jack's father (who was then active in the motion picture industry) for private showings of current films.

Soon—too soon, in his mother's eyes—Jack was thirteen, and he had completed the sixth grade at Riverdale. And now his parents decided that he should go away to a boarding school, for the experience of life away from parental protection. The school they chose for him was Canterbury, a preparatory school at New Milford, Connecticut.

Canterbury was a Roman Catholic school, the only school of his own faith that Kennedy ever attended. He was homesick at first, but soon he became acclimated to the strange new world of the prep school, with its own invioluted society, its own mores, its own status systems.

He was, at best, an average student, and in some subjects, notably Latin, he was less than satisfactory. One month his parents learned that he had received a grade of 55 for his studies in that classical language; and Latin, of course, is an important subject in a Catholic school. His Latin teacher wrote to the Kennedys, "He can do better than this."

His excellent memory helped him in many other subjects, although then, as now, he was absent-minded about most possessions. Jack wrote home, "We are reading *Ivanhoe* in English and though I may not be able to remember material things such as tickets, gloves, and so on, I can remember

things like *Ivanhoe*, and the last time we had an exam on it I got a ninety-eight."

It would be reasonable to expect his memory to help him learn spelling, but it didn't. Spelling always was difficult for him, even long after he had left Canterbury. In a typical letter to his parents he reported that he had learned to play "baggamon" and in another letter he told his devout mother, "We have chapel every morning and evening and I will be quite pious I guess when I get home."

The religious training was put to a worldly use in one letter, which showed unmistakable evidence that the boy's theological tutors had exposed him to the eloquence of St. Paul's *First Epistle to the Corinthians*, especially to the famous statement in the eleventh verse of its thirteenth chap-

ter:

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things."

This was paraphrased by Jack in a letter to his father pleading for an increase in his allowance:

"My recent allowance is 40¢. This I used for aeroplanes and other playthings of childhood but now I am a Scout and I put away my childish things. Before I would spend 20¢ of my 40¢ allowance and in five minutes I would have empty pockets and nothing to gain and 20¢ to lose. When I am a Scout I have to buy canteens, haversacks, blankets, searchlights, poncho things that will last for years, and I can always use it while I can't use chocolate marshmallow sunday ice cream and so I put in my plea for a raise of thirty cents for me to buy scout things and pay my own way around."

Rarely did a letter arrive back home in Bronxville without at least one misspelled word. In one letter, written a few months after the Wall Street crash that ushered in the Depression, Jack asked his parents to "please send me the Litary Digest because I did not know about the Market Slump until a long time after, or a paper." (*The Literary Digest* was a popular weekly magazine of the period.)

Even Jack Kennedy's beloved sports were not exempt

from his spelling distortions. He once wrote home that he had gone out for "football pracite." He went out for many other sports, too, including the baseball and swimming teams. In the pool he was able to swim fifty yards in thirty seconds, he boasted. In later years his skill in this sport would improve steadily—and one day it would save his life and the lives of men who depended on him.

Life at Canterbury was a mixture of the ancient and the modern, the body and the mind. In chapel there was the chanting of the old Gregorian plainsong, the soft murmuring of the mellifluous Latin prayers by the celebrant and the acolyte, the sharp, bright ring of the bell at the Elevation of the Host, the sleepy scent of incense. But once chapel was over, the boys poured out, loud and rough with the exuberance of adolescence, shoving and shouting and testing each other.

In the quiet classrooms, the schoolboys strained over Cicero, stumbling as they peered at the page and asked a long-dead Senate "How long, how long, O Catiline?" They read of good King Alfred, a fugitive, letting the peasant housewife's cakes burn while he prepared his weapons for the great battle that would rid Christian England of the heathen Vikings, and watched as the great geometric theorems of Greece were demonstrated again. But then there were the playing fields, the clash and conflict of young bodies growing to manhood, asserting maturing strength and prowess.

It ended at Easter. Jack Kennedy fell ill—appendicitis. He was rushed home. An operation was performed.

He never went back to Canterbury.

(This pattern was to be repeated in college.)

During the summer Jack's father began to have second thoughts about the prep school his boys should attend. Perhaps, he reasoned, it would be better for them not to go to a Catholic school, where they would be exposed only to other boys of their own faith. Perhaps it would broaden them to meet and live with boys of other religions. Perhaps they ought to attend one of the classic New England prep schools, where they would meet a wide variety of boys—including the sons of the wealthy old Yankee families. For Joe Kennedy remembered, with considerable bitterness, that there had always been an insurmountable social barrier between himself and those old clans, many of them descended from

the Pilgrims. He still remembered that he had not been elected to the top social clubs at Harvard. Years later Kennedy was to be called "the first Irish Brahmin," but Joe Kennedy was too much of a realist to believe it. He wanted his children to have more than he had, and a patrician prep school seemed to be one way to help achieve that end.

The school he chose for his sons was Choate, one of the handful of extremely exclusive schools which "it is of incalculable benefit to a young man to attend," according to experts on society.

Choate, founded in 1896, takes 530 boarding students from twelve to eighteen years of age, plus twenty day pupils. Adlai Stevenson and Chester Bowles had been among the students who preceded Jack Kennedy years before on the quiet, tree-shaded campus at Wallingford, Connecticut. And Jack's older brother, Joe Jr., was at Choate.

An Episcopalian clergyman is the headmaster at Choate, and Anglican influence permeates the entire campus, although the school is, in the strictest sense, non-denominational. Every boy is required to attend daily chapel. Jack Kennedy went to Catholic services at least once a week. In a letter to his mother, telling her of his attendance at Mass, Jack wrote, "I received Communion this morning and am going to church on Tuesday. I received the prayer book and would you please send me a puff because it is very cold." There were few other Catholics on the campus, but Jack Kennedy has no recollection that any religious bias was ever displayed toward him by the other students or by anyone else.

There is a work program at Choate. Every boy must work for at least half an hour each day, waiting on table, tending the grounds, cleaning his room.

Sports at Choate include skeet-shooting, but there is no indication that Jack Kennedy took any interest in that specialty of the school. He did, however, compete in other sports—without much success. He couldn't make the varsity in any of the half dozen sports he entered. The coaches felt that he was unwilling to apply himself with the self-discipline necessary for real training in any sport.

This must have caused Jack considerable anguish, for in this, as in so many other things, he was bested by his elder brother. Indeed, Joe won the Harvard Trophy, given each

year to the Choate boy who best combined sportsmanship and scholarship.

Jack, on the other hand, could boast of neither. His scholarship left a great deal to be desired. Choate, like most prep schools of the type, emphasizes classical studies, but Jack still found Latin difficult to master. "If it were not for Latin," he wrote in a letter that at least proved he had mastered the subjunctive, "I would probably lead the lower school but I am flunking that by ten points." That was probably an overly optimistic judgment on his part; he was generally a C student, just average. Even in English and history he was not outstanding. In French—the second language of the girl he would one day marry—he was quite poor.

His father had some crisp things to say, not only about Jack's grades, but also about his failure to apply himself to his studies. "Maybe Dad thinks I am alibiing but I am not," he wrote to his mother in one defensive letter. In another letter, in his senior year, he wrote to his father that he had "definitely decided to stop fooling around." And in a mood of absolute self-deprecation, he burst out, "I really feel, now that I think it over, that I have been bluffing myself about how much real work I have been doing."

By return mail came a letter from Washington. Joseph P. Kennedy, then chairman of the Securities and Exchange Committee, began rather bluntly. He lauded his son for his "forthrightness and directness" but soured the praise by commenting that "you are usually lacking" those qualities. And then he went on to say, "Now, Jack, I don't want to give the impression that I am a nagger, for goodness knows I think that is the worst thing any parent can be. After long experience in sizing up people I definitely know you have the goods and you can go a long way. Now, aren't you foolish not to get all there is out of what God has given you? After all, I would be lacking even as a friend if I did not urge you to take advantage of the qualities you have. It is very difficult to make up fundamentals that you have neglected when you were very young and that is why I am always urging you to do the best you can. I am not expecting too much and I will not be disappointed if you don't turn out to be a real genius, but I think you can be a really worthwhile citizen with good judgment and good understanding."

When he did get good grades, Jack was rewarded sub-

stantially. Once it was a trip to England. Another time it was a pony. There was a sailboat.

But life was not all studies. If he didn't make the varsity, Jack still could—and did—participate with his usual energy in intramural sports. He engaged in the usual schoolboy pranks but managed to dodge the housemaster (he was also the football coach), who used to administer punishments with a paddle. When Jack was *Alumnus of the Year*, many years later, he returned to Choate and encountered the housemaster. "Ah," he cried with a grin, "you never could catch me with that paddle, could you?" But the housemaster was a friend to the boys, too, and on Sunday nights his wife would serve them the waffles for which she was locally renowned.

The most critical years of adolescence were spent by Jack Kennedy at Choate, and it is clear that he has been influenced all his life since then by his experiences at that school. He became a young man at Choate, and many of his manners and much of his outlook go back to the tranquil life at Wallingford. This was one of the schools described by Dixon Wecter, the pioneer chronicler of the American *haut monde*, as "sentimental and barbarous, Episcopal in the chapel service and bawdy in barrack-room ballads." There was the formality of jackets and ties required at meals, and the informality of Anglo-Saxon words and rough stories of the type that had been handed down from one generation of boys to the next.

The mysterious processes of nature were at work within him. The boy was growing into a young man. Glands were at work, affecting not only the thin, boyish body but also the fertile, eager intellect. Heart and mind and muscle were all in the process of change. Fuzz appeared on his cheeks, and he proudly began to shave. The dancing that he had learned with such reluctance was now happily employed at dances with eligible girls who were growing into warm and interesting womanhood. He was a handsome boy, with his gay smile, his carefree ways, his lean and handsome appearance. He discovered girls, and enjoyed the discovery.

One winter Jack's youngest sister tattled on him in a letter to her father, who was in Palm Beach. She told him that Jack ought to be spanked: "Jack was a very naughty boy when he was home. He kissed Betty Young under the mistle-

toe down in the front hall. He had a temperature of 102 degrees one night, too, and Miss Cahill couldn't make him mind."

It was while Jack was at Choate that his father bought a house at Palm Beach, and the family began the custom, which it still follows, of gathering there every year for the Christmas holidays. Jack loved the winter vacation—all too brief—in the browning Florida sun, and the long, lazy vacations each summer at Hyannis Port, in Joe Kennedy's seventeen-room house at the end of Scudder Avenue, on the shore of Nantucket Sound.

But the golden days of boyhood were almost over. Jack was eighteen, and a senior at Choate. It was hard to face the thought of leaving forever a place that had been more than home to him for years. But time could not be stopped.

His classmates voted Jack—despite his grades, despite his failure to make the varsity in sports—the boy "most likely to succeed" because of his energy and determination.

In the sunny June of 1935, Jack was graduated from Choate. He was sixty-fourth in a class of 112.

Few of his teachers or classmates could have foreseen that their Jack—they usually called him "Ken"—would one day win a Pulitzer Prize. None could have imagined, in their wildest dreams, that he would one day be President of the United States.

But it was a remarkable man who could see even a few months ahead in that time of great changes. That was the year that John L. Lewis founded the Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO) and Will Rogers and Wiley Post were killed in an Alaskan airplane crash; that twenty-two million Americans were on relief because of the Depression and the Wagner Act established the National Labor Relations Board and the right of workers to organize for collective bargaining; that Governor Huey Long, the Louisiana demagogue, was assassinated and the Social Security System was born.

It was also the year that the Communists adopted the "United Front" strategy and Adolf Hitler defied the Versailles Treaty by instituting universal military training; that Italy invaded Ethiopia and the United States Congress passed the Neutrality Act; that the Saar was returned to Germany by a plebiscite and the Nuremburg laws were passed against the Jews of the Third Reich.

Wild winds were sweeping across the world, destroying the old landmarks, changing the familiar ways—winds of nihilism and hate, of deprivation and bloodshed, but also of courage and resolution.

The titanic forces that would bring heartbreak and pain and new goals to John Fitzgerald Kennedy were already in motion, and nothing was going to stop them.

VI. *Unmoved by the Ferment*

IN THE SUMMER of 1935, before Jack was to enter college, he went to England. As his brother Joe Jr. had done two years earlier, Jack intended to study under Harold J. Laski, the brilliant Fabian socialist who was professor of political science at the London School of Economics. Laski, who died in 1950, was one of the most influential social democrats in the world. He was chairman of the executive committee of the Fabian Society, a leader in the Labor Party, and the author of a number of widely respected critiques of modern society. He was well known in the United States, having lectured at Amherst, Yale, and Harvard.

Laski was not the social philosopher who might have been expected to attract two such students as the Kennedy boys. But Joe Jr. wanted to enter politics—indeed, he had already decided that he would eventually run for the Presidency—and he and his father, in discussing his plans, had agreed that study under Laski would broaden his views and give him a better grounding in the dialectics of industrial society. Regardless of how much the Kennedys might disagree with Laski's opinions, they recognized that he represented an intellectual and political force which had to be reckoned with in a world that was swiftly changing.

Jack followed in his brother's footsteps part of the way. He went to London—but he didn't have much chance to enjoy Laski's intellectual stimulus and friendship, as Joe had. Jack fell ill; his skin and the whites of his eyes yellowed with

jaundice. He had to leave Laski's classes and return to the United States, and he was not able to enter college until late in the fall, well after the beginning of the term.

The college he entered was not Harvard, as one might expect, but Princeton. The reason he chose the New Jersey college is not clear. On occasion he has said that he went to Old Nassau because his best friend from Choate, Lemoyne Billings, a Baltimore boy, was going there. But friends of the family give a different, and likelier, reason: Joe had gone to Harvard, and Jack was determined to break away from the pattern of direct competition. He wanted to be judged on his own, not as Joe's kid brother.

If that was his hope, he was doomed to failure. Jack was at Princeton only a couple of months when the jaundice returned. The doctors found it indicated hepatitis, a dangerous disease of the liver which requires a long convalescence. By Christmas Jack was resting at the family home at Palm Beach. He never returned to Princeton.

Instead, Jack bowed to fate and entered Harvard in the fall of 1936, as his father and his elder brother had done. At the time, Jack stood six feet one inch tall but weighed only 163 pounds. He looked thin and rather frail. His face was narrow, he had a classically Gaelic snub nose, and his hair was a wild mop that he tried vainly to control with hair tonic.

Joe was very much a BMOC (Big Man On Campus) then: an above-average student (*cum laude* on graduation), a leading campus politician (on the student council three years and its chairman in his senior year), and a varsity football player for three years (although he never made his letter against Yale). Joe broke his arm and his nose playing football at Harvard.

The pace set by Joe was more than Jack could maintain. He never made the varsity (although he injured his spine seriously playing on the junior varsity). Although he ultimately graduated *cum laude* too, he was not much of a student during most of his four years in Cambridge. And—most curious of all—he had little or no interest in politics for most of the time that he was there.

Jack's favorite sport, and the sport in which he excelled, was swimming—the sport that would one day save his life. He wanted to make the Harvard team that would compete against Yale but fell ill with what was then called "the

grippe" a few days before the trials, and the doctors ordered him into Stillman Infirmary. Fearing that the hospital diet would leave him too weak for the competition, Jack persuaded his roommate, Torbert MacDonald (who has since become a Massachusetts Congressman), to smuggle milk shakes and steaks into his room. Jack was still in the infirmary on the day of the trials, so he sneaked out of his sick-bed, slipped over to the Indoor Athletic Building, and reported ready for the competition. He dived into the cold waters and did his best, but lost out to Richard Tregaskis, who was later to win fame as a war correspondent in the South Pacific.

Nevertheless, Jack was one of Harvard's foremost swimmers. In golf, too, he was in the front ranks. But in softball and football he never figured importantly.

Sports were the boy's only real interests at this time. Certainly he wasn't greatly intrigued by his studies. In his freshman year, he got a B in economics but C's in English, French, and history. He was in the next-to-the-lowest group of passing students. The second year was worse: one B, four C's, but one D, too.

He ran for president of the freshman class against a field of 34 other candidates, but wound up far back in the pack. The winner, James D. Lightbody, of Glencoe, Illinois, appointed Jack chairman of the committee for the traditional Freshman Smoker.

The Freshman Smoker was a tradition that is no more. In 1956 it was abolished because the administration of the university felt that it was not consistent with the college's tradition. Presumably this meant that the ribaldry customarily associated with the smoker was not in keeping with Harvard's austere scholasticism.

The Freshman Smoker was one of the divertissements intended to give the first-year men a chance to let off steam more or less harmlessly, instead of exploding in riots in Harvard Square. It was a stag party featuring chorus girls from the Boston theaters, comedians and other entertainers, and a few sports celebrities to help draw a larger audience. As Joe had done two years earlier, Jack apparently carried off his duties well. The Harvard *Crimson*, in an article about the forthcoming event, said, "John F. Kennedy, chairman of the Freshman Smoker, will present his heterogeneous conglomeration from the sports and theatrical world at 7:45 tonight.

The latest addition to his cast of celebrities is Ramona, now entertaining at the Hotel Brunswick. . . ."

No subsequent report, candid or otherwise, on the festivities has come down to us.

To a good many—probably most—of the other students on the campus at that time, the Freshman Smoker undoubtedly was a frivolity beneath notice, for all colleges in those days, and Harvard more than most, were bubbling with a political ferment that intoxicated most of the students. Ideologies were contending for the minds of the youth and, in the free marketplace of ideas, "isms" of one kind or another were trying to win over young men who previously had never questioned the easy fabric of their lives.

As the fountainhead of American intellectual life, and as the freest arena for clashing concepts, Harvard was bound to be deeply immersed in these political and social controversies. After all, Harvard had sent forth every kind of political thinker, from Hans (Putzi) Hanfstaengl, who became chief of the Foreign Press section of Adolf Hitler's Nazi Party in Germany, to John Reed, who became an intimate of V. I. Lenin, participated in the Bolshevik Revolution, and now lies buried under the Kremlin wall. There was a John Reed Club at Harvard and, while there was no Putzi Hanfstaengl Club, there certainly were many undergraduates in the prewar decade who found themselves in sympathy with aims and principles of the fascists. In between there was every shade in the political spectrum—Trotskyist, socialist, liberal, moderate, conservative, rightist. All these groups were furiously disputing with each other over the momentous political developments of that momentous decade, and all were contending for the loyalties of each new batch of freshmen who arrived on campus. It was a heady atmosphere, in which all the old ideas and accepted dogmas were being challenged.

It was an atmosphere which John F. Kennedy failed to breathe, and apparently scarcely even scented.

He was as apolitical as a college boy could be in those days. Torbert MacDonald says, "Like most of us, Jack was interested in dating and in making his mark on the campus."

At the end of his freshman year, Jack had to pick an upperclass dormitory to live in. He and MacDonald (Torby) chose Winthrop House, which was best known for

the number of campus athletes who lived there. Joe Jr. also had been living in Winthrop.

The competition between the two brothers, which Jack found so distasteful, continued. Joe won the Class Day elections for his class; one of the highest honors his fellow students could confer on a senior. On the other hand, Jack ran for election to the Student Council as a sophomore, but lost.

In his second year at Harvard, Jack won a place for himself on the business board of *The Crimson*, but he apparently was not really very interested in the newspaper. (The president of the paper in the class of 1904, on the other hand, had been a hard-working, enthusiastic college journalist named Franklin D. Roosevelt.) But his grades were a little worse than they had been the preceding year, and he wasn't doing too well in sports, except swimming, and even in that sport he failed to make the varsity. Swimming coach Harold Ulen, looking back a quarter century later, thought of him as a "fine kind, frail and not too strong, but always giving it everything he had."

There was one bright spot in the year, and that came at the very end. In June, Jack Kennedy and his friend, P. L. Reed, won the intercollegiate sailing award, the MacMillan Bowl.

Up to this point, the collegiate career of John F. Kennedy had been undistinguished almost to the point of being dreary. The most charitable description of those years is probably that of Professor Ronald Ferry, who was head of Winthrop; he said Jack was "reasonably inconspicuous."

For all the years of his life, until then, Jack had lived in the shadow of his brilliant, attractive, commanding brother. "Joe was the only Kennedy you heard of at Harvard then," a classmate of Jack has since recalled. "He was a handsome, back-slapping, driving man, a born politician."

But now Joe was graduating, and, even though Joe would still be on the campus as a student in the Law School, he was at least removed from Jack's immediate environment, the College.

The relief that Jack must have felt at the close of his sophomore year is apparent in some remarkable photographs by Dr. Erich Salomon, a German whose genius in capturing the great, the near-great, the celebrated, and the obscure on film in unposed, unguarded, intimate shots led to coining of the term "candid camera" in 1929. Dr. Salomon died in Au-

schwartz, the Nazi concentration camp, in 1944, but his photographs survived the war, and some of them show the Kennedys at a party given in honor of Joe Jr. and Jack at the American Embassy in London on May 29, 1938. In white tie and tails, Jack appears relaxed and carefree in one picture, as he and Joe Jr. chat with a young woman. In the study, in another picture, he sits at a desk, eating a dish of ice cream and talking earnestly and privately with a girl whose back is to the camera. Two other pictures show young Jack, eyes wide and hair a bit disheveled, jitterbugging, right forefinger raised in a gay gesture, as a pretty young English woman watches in obvious admiration.

Back at Harvard, a junior now, Jack inherited Joe Jr.'s valet, George Taylor, along with a Kennedy reputation that might take a lot of doing to maintain. But at least Jack was out in the sunlight, on his own—no longer just a kid brother.

Jack was a member of St. Paul's Catholic Club by now. He had been chosen a member of Hasty Pudding, a club founded in 1793 by members of the junior class. Samuel Eliot Morison says of Hasty Pudding, "At the start it was a rather jolly amalgam of literary, convivial, and patriotic elements. On 'Pudding' nights, when the bell tolled for the scanty evening commons, two members might be seen bearing on a pole an iron pot of steaming hasty-pudding from some nearby good-wife's kitchen to a member's room, where the brethren supped on that simple but filling fare, concluding their repast with 'sacred music,' which became less and less sacred as the years rolled by. . . . After 1800, when debates 'on questions of literature, morality, and politics' were organized to follow supper, it became the largest of the college societies. Debates were followed by mock trials, one of the perennial cases being *Dido vs. Aeneas* for breach of promise."

Today Hasty Pudding is best known for its annual musical revues. As a member of Hasty Pudding—Institute of 1770 (as Harvard custom classifies some of the club members), Kennedy will bear forever in university records the fact that he was not in the first forty-five members of his class to be chosen for membership. However, he was also elected to Spee, the "final" club which ranks fourth, according to Cleveland Amory, the foremost student of society (*The Proper Bostonians*), among those exclusive institutions.

Thus, old Joe Kennedy's planning—which began with sending his sons to Choate—bore fruit. When Jack was

chosen for Spee, he achieved a goal that had been denied to his father at Harvard, the goal of membership in one of the clubs which are limited to only boys whose families are socially prominent. The Kennedys now were on their way toward becoming "the first Irish Brahmins."

While young Jack Kennedy was scoring a social triumph of sorts, the world in which such things mattered greatly was crumbling rapidly. Indeed, it had been disintegrating for a quarter of a century, but in the 1930s the rate of collapse quickened.

Neville Chamberlain was Prime Minister in Great Britain now, having taken office in 1937, and in September 1938, in the infamous meeting with Hitler at Munich, he agreed to the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia. Throughout the Third Reich, Jews were being herded into concentration camps wholesale. The Nazis seized Austria in the *Anschluss*. The Rome-Berlin Axis had been formed, and Japan joined the misnamed Anti-Comintern Pact. Italy gave notice that she was quitting the League of Nations. The Japanese invasion of China was well underway. There was civil war in Spain. President Franklin D. Roosevelt called—in vain—for a "quarantine" of the aggressors, but neither Europe nor the United States itself (nor, for that matter, even FDR) was ready to take positive action to halt the fascist dictatorships.

Within the United States, "one-third of the nation," in FDR's ringing words, was "ill-housed, ill-clad, ill-fed." While the New Deal administration attempted to change that condition with such new measures as the Agricultural Adjustment Administration (AAA) and the Fair Labor Standards Act, which established a forty-hour week and a forty-cent hourly minimum wage, the workers themselves were taking steps to remedy their plight—there were sitdown strikes in the auto industry, and pickets appeared outside thousands of other plants throughout the country. Many a boy whose family had been prominent in earlier days had found that it was impoverished after the Crash of 1929. And after building strength with painful slowness over the first half of the following decade, the economy had collapsed again in the Recession of 1937, wiping out the fortunes of still more families.

All of these historic events stirred the minds and the passions of many a young Harvard man. Radical magazines were popular. Young men hunched over radios in the dormitor-

ies and club rooms to listen to FDR's "fireside chats" or to Hitler's diatribes or to H. V. Kaltenborn broadcasting from a haystack in a Spanish battlefield or to Chamberlain telling the anxious crowd at Croydon Airport, on his return from Munich, "I bring you peace in our time." At Cambridge, as at colleges across the world, students were demonstrating for and against innumerable causes.

Until now, Jack Kennedy had been unmoved by all of this. In the summer of 1937 he had traveled abroad in the company of his old friend from Choate, Lemoyne Billings. They had gone to France, where the Popular Front had united most of the left-wing parties; to Spain, where the rebel general Francisco Franco was leading his fascist troops against an elected democratic government that was slowly being pushed further and further to the Left; to Italy, where the onetime Socialist editor, Benito Mussolini, had established his black-shirt "corporate state" more than a dozen years earlier.

Kennedy enjoyed himself like any schoolboy on an outing, but there was more to his trip than that. He climbed the smouldering heights of Vesuvius, won an insignificant sum at Monte Carlo (the woman next to him "was quite upset by my winning \$1.20 while she lost about \$500"), and watched a bullfight.

But he was doing more important things, too. He talked to all manner of people—the Pope, reporters, government and party officials, soldiers, diplomats, hitchhikers. He looked at what was happening in Europe, but he did more than merely watch; he *observed*. He pondered what he saw, asked opinions, made comparisons, came to conclusions.

Jack Kennedy, who had had no interest in practical politics up to now, became absorbed in the affairs of a world aflame. He suddenly saw the importance of world affairs. He finally realized that he had a personal relationship to these vast matters of state, which must inevitably affect him directly or indirectly.

In his junior year at Harvard, Jack Kennedy underwent a great change. In this metamorphosis a thoughtless schoolboy began to vanish and from him emerged a man who would one day assume the Presidency of the greatest power on earth.

VII. *'Why England Slept'*

THE FIRST political analysis by John F. Kennedy of which we have record is contained in an informal family letter, and it concerns the Fascist "corporate state" in Italy. Today Kennedy would probably be happy if it were forgotten entirely for it bore the mark of political naïveté. As Mussolini's supporters had won over so many Americans by pointing out that they had "made the trains run on time," so they persuaded Jack Kennedy. He expressed admiration of the Fascist system and said that "everyone seemed to like it in Italy."

The political mistakes of a man of twenty-one ought not to be held up in criticism of him a quarter century later, but it is fair that he should be given credit for whatever real insight he did display at the time, for this may be the key to the future mature man.

And Jack Kennedy did show remarkable insight in his comments on the Spanish civil war, one of the most savage and heartbreaking conflicts of modern times. Spain provided a dress rehearsal for World War II. In 1930, when the world-wide Depression added further economic difficulties to an already weakened Spain, the military dictator Primo de Rivera and the king, Alfonso XIII, had fled into exile. A republic was proclaimed, and a new government representing the middle classes pushed through laws that hit at the aristocracy, the Church, and the army, all of which had been supporters of the old dictatorship. All of these groups, nat-

urally, reacted with even greater hostility toward the new government, and the left-wing parties were also hostile because they did not believe it had gone far enough in fighting the Right. A son of de Rivera formed a fascist group called the *Falange*. The Falangists, the monarchists, and the militarists, with General Francisco Franco at their head, invaded mainland Spain from Spanish Morocco to begin the civil war. Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy provided armaments to the Franco forces. The western democracies refused to sell arms to the elected government, the Loyalists, but the Soviet Union was willing to help it. Inevitably, the Loyalist government, during three years of warfare, moved closer and closer to the Russians, and Communists played an increasingly important role in the Loyalist government.

The western democracies, and especially Britain, had an important strategic stake in a Loyalist victory, even though the British were loathe to help the Spanish government, and Jack Kennedy shrewdly analyzed the importance of a friendly government in Spain to the national concerns of Britain in a dispassionate letter he sent from Spain to his father.

He also said in the letter that he had been struck by "the almost complete ignorance 95 per cent of the people in the U.S. have about situations as a whole here." (In this he may have been misled by his own lack of political knowledge.) "For example," Jack wrote, "most people in the U.S. are for Franco, and while I felt that perhaps it would be far better for Spain if Franco should win—as he would strengthen and unite Spain—yet at the beginning the government was in the right morally speaking as its program was similar to the New Deal. . . . Their attitude toward the Church was just a reaction to the strength of the Jesuits who had become much too powerful—the affiliation between church and state being much too close."

Young Kennedy's political education really progressed rapidly after he entered Professor Arthur N. Holcombe's Harvard class on American government in 1938. This was the first course in which Jack ever become deeply absorbed, and it marked a turning point in his life. From this time on he became a true student, a scholar of public affairs, a man dedicated to reading and study and contemplation and learning.

During the term, Holcombe assigned a political figure to each student for a research paper. Holcombe decided Ken-

nedy should do his assignment on Bertrand Snell, an upstate New York Republican who belonged to the right wing of the GOP. Holcombe has since explained, "I picked him because I wanted to see what a Massachusetts Democrat would do with such a man.

Holcombe was delighted with Kennedy's paper and, indeed, with the boy himself. He has remained a friend ever since.

As for Kennedy's opinion of this professor, who first lighted the path to learning for him, it could well stand as a tribute to all educators.

"I have known many great teachers at Harvard," Jack said years later, "many who excelled in showing the enchantment of thought to young men who, in this springtime of youth, were more enchanted with life itself. But one teacher known to generations of Harvard students who stands out in my memory and personal affections is Arthur Holcombe."

And then Kennedy added a humorous comment whose point may be apparent only to those who have found themselves one day in the desperate race to keep abreast of the transcript of Congressional debates. Said Kennedy of Holcombe, "Under his direction I discovered for the first time the distractions of *The Congressional Record*."

In the late spring of his junior year—that fateful year, 1939, when all the world descended into the furnace of war—Kennedy was planning to take a leave of absence in order to go on a prolonged trip to Europe. To avoid leaving Torby MacDonald without a roommate, he and Torby moved into the rooms of Benjamin Smith and Charles Houghton after the first semester. And so, when Jack left, Torby had company in the suite in Winthrop House.

Jack spent six drama-filled months in Europe, operating part of the time out of the U.S. Embassy in London, under his father's eye, and the rest of the time out of the U.S. Embassy in Paris, where William C. Bullitt was our envoy.

He was a rich young man in his own right now: Ambassador Kennedy settled more than one million dollars on each of his children about this time—"so that any of my children, financially speaking, could look me in the eye and tell me to go to hell."

Kennedy's children were certainly not expressing such unfilial sentiments, but a good many other people, on the Continent, in England, and in the United States, were telling Joe

Kennedy to go to hell. The Ambassador had become a controversial figure, to put it mildly, because of his close identification with Neville Chamberlain and his "appeasement" policy. Kennedy's post-Munich speech to the Navy League, arguing for a rapprochement with the Axis Powers, added fuel to the fire. As Irwin Ross commented in *The New York Post* 22 years later, "This good-humored tolerance towards the 'dictator countries' brought a howl of hostile comment in the United States. Kennedy later took occasion to make some unfavorable comments about Nazi persecution of the Jews to prove he was no dictator-lover; it was presumably his view that one had to get along with the enemies of democracy lest there be a war. But, if this was the case, he was amazingly maladroit in stating his position in the first instance."

When the reaction to the speech was at its height, a letter had gone from Jack at Cambridge to his father in England. Jack said of the speech, "While it seemed to be unpopular with the Jews etc., it was considered to be very good by everyone who wasn't bitterly anti-fascist, although it is true that everyone is deadly set against collective security and don't [sic] seem to have a very accurate conception of England's position, due to the type of articles that have been written."

Now Jack was in Europe himself. He spent the spring in Paris (the last peacetime spring the City of Youth would know for years—two years later the stormtroopers would be marching down the Champs Elysees).

Danzig was next on the itinerary, and then Poland, which was at loggerheads with Nazi Germany over the question of Danzig, the Polish-held free port on the Baltic whose people were German-speaking. Jack wrote to his father from Warsaw, "Probably the strongest impression I have gotten is that rightly or wrongly the Poles will fight over the question of Danzig."

Neither he nor the Poles knew that they would indeed be fighting ere long, but not over Danzig. On April 4, 1939, just a short time after Jack's trip, Hitler secretly ordered his generals to prepare plans for the invasion of Poland and set September 1 as the target date, although he subsequently told his generals in a secret conference, "Danzig is not a subject of dispute."

Riga, Latvia, was next on Jack's schedule and then he went on to Moscow, where he stayed with the U.S. Embassy's

second secretary, Charles (Chip) Bohlen. After visiting the Kremlin and touring the ancient city, he took a side trip to Leningrad, then went back to Moscow for a few days before heading south—in a Russian plane with a broken window and without seats (he sat on the floor)—to the Crimea. Russia, he decided, was a “crude, backward, hopelessly bureaucratic” dictatorship.

Sailing from a Soviet port on the Black Sea, Jack went to Istanbul and later to the Holy Land, where relations among the Jews, the Arabs, and the British were becoming more tense because of the gradual influx of Jewish refugees from Hitler’s European heartland. Young Kennedy thought that Britain’s policies in Palestine were fair, but he realized that more than equity was involved—what was needed was a solution acceptable to all sides.

Back Jack went, through the Balkans to Berlin and thence to Paris. In August the family gathered at the Kennedy villa at Val-sur-Mer, on the French Riviera near Cannes. But the time was past for carefree vacations—indeed, the family would never have another vacation together like this. Before Joe and Rose Kennedy were able to gather all their children about them again, Joe Jr. and Kathleen would be dead and Jack would be grievously injured.

Everywhere that Jack—and Joe, for he had been with Jack on a good part of the trip—had gone over the past few months, he had found tensions. Along the Baltic, the Polish-German friction and the antagonism between the small states of Latvia, Esthonia, and Lithuania, on the one hand, and the Soviet Union on the other. In Moscow, the hatred of the West and fear of Germany. In Turkey, the ages-old hostility toward Russia. In Palestine, Arab, Jew, and Briton walked cautiously, and there were rumors that Nazi agents were dealing with the Grand Mufti, Haj Amin el Husseini. The Balkans were continuing to produce the intrigues that were synonymous with that region. In Berlin, the pitiless men with the swastikas on their arms were talking about the need for *lebensraum* (living space) in the East, and about their poor co-linguists in East Prussia, but one sensed that they were even more absorbed with the possibilities of expansion in the West. Little wonder that the family felt a pall over its holiday that August!

Late in the month, the vacation came to an abrupt halt. Ambassador Kennedy received a coded message from Wash-

ington. Intelligence reported from Moscow and Berlin that the two opposing dictators and supposedly deadly enemies, Stalin and Hitler, were having secret talks which obviously boded no good for the democracies.

The Kennedys closed up their villa and hurried back to London.

Events were now moving at breakneck speed as the world plunged into the darkness of the abyss. On August 23 the Russo-German peace pact was signed and the next day the stunning announcement of it broke upon a bewildered world.

Three days later Hitler served Poland with an ultimatum demanding the immediate cession of Danzig and the Polish Corridor separating East Prussia from Germany proper. On August 29 Hitler offered to negotiate the issue and ordered Poland to send a delegation to Berlin August 31. The Poles, naturally, decided that there was nothing to negotiate; they refused to send a delegation.

At dawn on the first of September 1939, without warning or declaration of war, the planes and tanks and trucks of Hitler's motorized war machine crossed the border into Poland and churned up the dust of the Polish plains as they roared toward Warsaw.

On the same day, there were hurried consultations in the foreign offices of London and Paris, and the two Allied nations gave Adolf Hitler an ultimatum of their own: Withdraw your troops and call off the *Blitzkrieg*, they demanded.

On September 3 England and France declared war on Germany in support of their Polish ally.

On September 5, as Joe Kennedy had urged in secret cables to Washington, the United States Department of State proclaimed American neutrality in the European conflict.

On September 17 Soviet troops invaded Poland from the East as part of the plan for carving up the country with the Nazis.

Ten days later Warsaw surrendered.

But more than three weeks earlier Jack Kennedy had already gotten his first taste of war.

At 3 o'clock in the morning on September 4, the day after war was declared, the telephone rang in the Ambassador's country house outside London. An Embassy aide was on the phone to report a war incident involving Americans. The SS *Athenia* of the Donaldson Atlantic Line, Captain James

Cook commanding, had been attacked without warning by torpedoes of a U-boat 250 miles off the northwest coast of Ireland just twelve hours after the declaration of war. Aboard the *Athenia*, which had taken on passengers at Glasgow, Belfast, and Liverpool, were 1,102 men, women, and children, plus a crew of 315. There were three hundred Americans among the passengers and most of the rest were Canadians—the unarmed ship was bound for Canada.

The ship was off the regular shipping lanes, for safety against submarines, and was zigzagging that Sunday evening when Oberleutnant Fritz-Julius Lemp of the U-30 gave the order that sent four torpedoes slipping through the water toward the ship. One of the torpedoes found its mark in the 13,500-ton liner. Lifeboats and rafts were launched from the doomed ship as the radio operator began sending out frantic calls for help. Fortunately, the attack had occurred in an area where there was considerable ocean traffic: in a short time other vessels were on the scene and began to pick up survivors.

But twenty-seven men, sixty-nine women, and sixteen children went down with the shattered hulk.

Ambassador Kennedy dispatched his son Jack to Glasgow to question the survivors who had been taken there (other survivors were landed at Belfast and Halifax). Jack's investigation established beyond doubt that an enemy submarine had been responsible for the sinking—a fact which Radio Berlin was disputing. It was Hitler's line that the British had sunk the ship themselves to earn American sympathy!

Another part of Jack's assignment was to arrange for passage to America for the survivors. He assured them that they would be able to go home on an American ship, but that didn't satisfy them. "We don't want just an unarmed American liner!" they shouted. "We want a convoy! We demand the protection of the United States flag! Send our Navy here to protect us on the way home!" But he had to tell them that such a convoy—under United States naval protection—was out of the question. Because of the Neutrality Act, American men-of-war could not be used to convoy ships in the war zone.

It was not an easy task to tell that to men and women who had just spent twelve hours in lifeboats at sea.

Jack went back to London, reported to his father, and

then, three weeks later, returned to America. To Harvard.

That senior year by the River Charles was a year of achievement, satisfaction, and recognition for Jack Kennedy. He was making B grades in his government and economics courses and had become eligible for a degree with honors in political science if he submitted a worthwhile thesis in that area. Jack went to work on the thesis as soon as he was properly installed again in Winthrop House.

The thesis was that controversial subject which had embroiled his father in so many difficulties: appeasement. Jack used all the resources of Harvard's great Widener Library in his research for the thesis. Professors Bruce Hopper and Payson Wild supervised his work. He went back in his research to the early 1930s, when the international armament race began. He pointed out what a fast pace the aggressor nations—Germany, Italy, Japan—set in that race, and how slow the democracies, with special emphasis on Great Britain, had been to respond to the quickened pace. He argued that people tended to be too emotional about the Munich appeasement pact and that they were too ready to blame Neville Chamberlain and his predecessor, Stanley Baldwin, for the policy of appeasement. Actually, Jack Kennedy asserted, the policy of appeasement was the result of profound social forces.

At that time, Joe Kennedy agreed with Neville Chamberlain's appeasement policy, and so did his son Jack. "The Munich Pact itself should not be the object of criticism," he wrote, "but rather the underlying factors, such as the state of British opinion and the condition of Britain's armaments which made 'surrender' inevitable. To blame one man, such as Baldwin, for the unpreparedness of British armaments is illogical and unfair, given the conditions of democratic government."

In the spring of 1940, when young Kennedy handed in his thesis, the Nazis staged their first great offensive after Poland. Denmark, Norway, The Netherlands, Belgium collapsed under the *Blitzkrieg*. The troops of the Third Reich outflanked the Maginot Line and swept deep into France. The British pulled out the remnants of their forces at Dunkirk.

Joe Kennedy was telling Washington then that England didn't have a chance of fighting off the Nazis. He became more isolationist than ever. And his son's thesis indicated nearly complete agreement with the father's position.

Of course, not all of that year had been spent on studies. There were dates, for example. Jack wrote to London that he was "doing better with the girls." He took a girlfriend of his sister Kathleen to the Princeton game—"my first taste of a Catholic girl."

When Commencement was held in the Yard at Harvard, Ambassador Kennedy had to remain at his post in London, but Jack's mother and his brothers and sisters were able to attend. It was a proud occasion for all of them. Jack was graduated with honors in political science—his thesis had been accepted *summa cum laude*, causing his father to cable congratulations to him. "Two things I always knew about you," the cable said, "One, that you are smart; two, that you are a swell guy."

In a later letter, the elder Kennedy praised Jack's thesis but said he thought Jack should have blamed the British leaders, as well as the people, for Britain's failure to prepare adequately for the war. As the Ambassador put it, a politician is "supposed to . . . attempt to educate the people," to lead them, and not merely to go along with them.

Jack wrote to London that he'd like to expand the thesis into a book with some rewriting; his father thought that an excellent idea, and suggested that Jack submit the idea and the manuscript to an old family friend, Arthur Krock, chief of the Washington correspondents of *The New York Times*. Krock put Jack in touch with a literary agent and suggested that the book be called *Why England Slept*. Henry Luce, editor of *Time*, wrote a foreword to the book. Under such olympian auspices, a manuscript—even by a boy just out of college—could not fail to find a publisher. *Why England Slept* was published by Wilfred Funk Inc. and sold 40,000 copies during the Battle of Britain, when interest in its subject matter was at a peak.

Soon America, too, would be at war. And Jack Kennedy would be called upon to put his life in the balance for his country.

VIII. Appointment in the Solomons

1940 WAS A YEAR of momentous change for the Kennedy family. It was a year in which Joseph P. Kennedy talked himself right out of the Embassy, a year in which Joseph P. Kennedy Jr. was the only delegate to the Democratic National Convention who refused to vote for Franklin D. Roosevelt. But for Jack Kennedy it was a year of drift and indecision.

The elder Kennedy had been eager to express his isolationist views publicly and intended to do so as soon as he returned from England in October of that year. He had called a press conference at the Waldorf Astoria after his arrival in New York, but later cancelled it at the direct request of the White House.

The political campaign was then at its height. Joe Jr. had been a delegate from Massachusetts to the nominating convention, pledged to vote for James A. Farley, the Postmaster General (who had been manager of Roosevelt's successful campaigns in 1932 and 1936). But FDR was nominated on the first ballot at the convention for an unprecedented third term. Nevertheless, Joe refused to switch his vote to the President, thus preventing his nomination by acclamation. After the convention, he continued to speak out against the dangers of intervention in the European war and, by implication at least, against the policies of President Roosevelt.

The elder Joe Kennedy, on the other hand, actively helped in FDR's campaign. Summoned to the White House after

his return to America, he had been exposed to a massive dose of the famous Roosevelt charm. FDR had soothed his ruffled feelings, calmed his fears about the possibility of United States intervention in the war, praised his achievements at the Court of St. James. Reassured, Joe Kennedy gave a radio speech on behalf of Roosevelt that was widely hailed as an effective act in the campaign. (The Kennedy family paid for the time on the Columbia Broadcasting System network.) Of Kennedy's speech, *Life* commented, "More than anything else it allayed fear that Mr. Roosevelt would 'take this country into war'"—because Kennedy's isolationist opinions were well known.

On the next night, October 30, Roosevelt delivered a major campaign speech in Joe's home town, Boston. Addressing a huge crowd in the Boston Garden, praised Kennedy and then made his famous promise to "you mothers and fathers" of America: "Your boys are not going to be sent into any foreign wars."

During FDR's visit to Boston, Jack had escorted his grandfather, Honey Fitz Fitzgerald, when the old man went to pay his respects to the President. With his usual skill in handling people, Roosevelt told Fitzgerald that on a recent trip to South America he had found all the Latin Americans singing "Sweet Adeline" in recollection of Honey Fitz's visits below the Equator.

A few days after the election, three newspaper reporters—Louis Lyons of *The Boston Globe*, and Ralph Cogan and Charles Edmondson, both of *The St. Louis Post Dispatch*—paid Ambassador Kennedy a visit in his suite at the Ritz Carlton. Kennedy was in his shirt sleeves, his suspenders hanging loosely at his hips, eating apple pie and cheese. It was a very informal interview, in content as well as setting. It was also somewhat sensational, given Kennedy's official status as Ambassador.

"Democracy is finished in England," Kennedy was quoted as saying. "It isn't that she's fighting for democracy. That's the bunk. She's fighting for self-preservation. . . ." There was a lot more in that vein. England was on the verge of "national socialism" (the name the Nazis had coined for their fascist system). The Queen of England had more brains than the rest of the government (the King was still alive and reigning at the time, but was not mentioned). The United States Congress was full of dopes who didn't understand

what was happening in the world. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, the President's wife, had "bothered us more on our jobs in Washington to take care of the poor little nobodies than all the rest of the people down there put together." Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh Jr., the aviation hero who was making violent speeches, some of them with a pro-Nazi tinge, for the isolationist America First Committee, was "not so crazy." Kennedy was going to enlist the support of newspaper tycoon William Randolph Hearst in a campaign to keep the United States out of the war.

When the interview was published, Kennedy was through as Ambassador. His resignation was a mere formality.

In the meantime, his sons were taking somewhat different attitudes toward international affairs. Joe Jr., a student in Harvard Law School, organized a group on the campus to protest any involvement in the war. But Jack was, to outward appearances at least, less committed to any clear-cut point of view. He could not even make up his mind about a career. At first, in the summer of 1940, he had considered enrolling in law school—at Yale, not Harvard (he wanted no more direct competition with his brother Joe). He had discarded the idea of a legal career and entered Stanford's business school for the fall session. But a business career didn't appeal to him, either, so he dropped out and went on a long, leisurely trip through South America.

Jack Kennedy, at this point in his life, was aimless, virtually rootless, like a piece of flotsam borne along by the swift-running tides of events.

The boys' father continued to stump the country, speaking out against what he considered to be a trend toward involvement in the European war. He made it plain that he despised the Nazis and their system and admired the British; he made it plain that he favored aid to the British, but only "the absolute minimum necessary for our own protection"; he made it plain that he felt "this country must not become a belligerent just because we love Churchill and hate Hitler."

He added, "We cannot divert the tides of mighty revolution now sweeping Asia and Europe. An attempt to do so would end in failure and disgrace abroad, in disillusionment and bankruptcy at home."

Nevertheless, Kennedy and his sons believed that the United States should build strong defenses for its own continental protection; even most of the members of the Amer-

ica First Committee agreed that this was only common sense.

In the spring of 1941 young Joe told his family that he was going to join the Navy as an aviation cadet in June, at the end of his second year at law school. He took his training as a flier and won his commission and wings in May 1942.

On his return from South America in the early part of 1941, Jack also decided to enter the armed forces. Since Joe was going into the Navy, Jack decided—again to avoid direct competition—to go into the Army. But he found, to his chagrin, that the Army wouldn't have him. He would have preferred the air forces, which were then the Army Air Corps, but he had realized that his back injury from football would disqualify him for flying. It was a shock to find out that the Army regarded the back injury as a disqualification for any military service.

Jack went through a series of strenuous treatments and exercises to strengthen his back, and then applied again for a commission—this time in the Navy. He was finally accepted and assigned to a desk job in intelligence at Washington. It was his job to prepare a daily news digest for the Navy's Chief of Staff—scarcely an exciting assignment for a young man who craved action.

After the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Jack asked for a transfer to the torpedo boat (PT boat) training station at Melville, Rhode Island. There his old roommate, Torbert MacDonald, and many other friends from Harvard, Yale, and Princeton were already in training for the war which had finally ended all the arguments about "isolationism."

Jack became an instructor at Melville. Paul Fay Jr., of San Francisco, has recalled a game of touch football at Melville. "We started to play and this skinny kid in a Harvard football sweater came walking down to the field and watched us. He asked if he could get into the game. I said, sure, if he got another guy for the other team, which he did in a few minutes. Well, he wasn't in the game five minutes before he started arguing with me about the rules. I wanted to brain him. I figured he was one of the officers' kids. The next day we started classes on how to operate the boats and it turns out that this same skinny kid is our instructor."

"Very willing and conscientious" was the way Jack's superiors rated him on their personnel records. They prepared to send him to a PT squadron at the Panama Canal. That, too, looked like a place where nothing was likely to be happening,

so Jack asked his father to pull some strings. His father was a good friend of James V. Forrestal, who was Secretary of the Navy. The proper strings were pulled and soon Jack's papers came through assigning him to combat duty in the Pacific. Little more than a year after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, young Jack Kennedy was in the Solomon Islands, an archipelago due east of New Guinea.

Lieutenant (j.g.) John F. Kennedy was in command of PT 109, a boat assigned to a squadron based at Rendova, a small island west of New Georgia. The entire Allied offensive in the Pacific was concentrated in the Solomons in 1943. In February the Japanese had been forced to withdraw from Guadalcanal, the first step in the Allied stepping-stone offensive. In the spring smaller islands in the group had been seized by the Allies. Toward the end of June American troops invaded and overran Rendova, on which an air base was immediately built for strikes against Japanese airfields on New Georgia and Kolombangara Islands. In July Munda, an enemy base on New Georgia, was taken and the American forces prepared to take Vella Lavella Island, northwest of New Georgia. The Japanese fought every inch of the war with a courage that fully matched that of their enemies. They tried desperately to win command of the air, and suffered terrible losses in aircraft and men. Their naval forces challenged the Allies at the battles of Kula Gulf (July 12-13) and Vella Gulf (August 6), both of which ended without a decisive victory for either side.

It was in the midst of this furious campaign that Jack Kennedy almost met death.

It was, in the enormous compass of a global war, the most minute of actions, involving only a handful of men on both sides—nothing more than a naval skirmish. And yet, men died in that brief encounter, and other men, including Kennedy, suffered in an ordeal that would have been unimaginable to them in the days of peace. Pain and danger tested the mettle of men, and there were those who surprised themselves by their own valor.

Shortly after midnight on August 2, PT 109 was on patrol duty in Blackett Strait. It was a pitch black night, with not a star in sight. The torpedo boat was running slowly to cut down on its noise and its wake. A lookout was in the bow with binoculars, peering through the darkness. Kennedy and

his executive officer, George Ross, were both on deck, ready for action. There were eleven other men in the crew.

Cutting silently through the stygian waters of the strait that night was the Japanese destroyer *Amagiri*, commanded by Kohei Hanami, who had recently taken over his ship after seeing action in other areas of the Pacific. "As Americans controlled the air," Hanami later recalled in a letter to Kennedy, "we were in no more position to attack in the daytime and we had to operate at night, attempting in vain to prevent, by destroyer force, the transportation of American men and munitions."

That night Hanami spotted an American PT boat heading straight for his destroyer. The two vessels were so close that neither had time to fire a gun. Instead, Hanami ordered his crew to ram the small torpedo boat.

At the last moment, the *Amagiri* was sighted, bearing down on PT 109. Jack Kennedy snapped out an order to change the boat's heading, but it was too late. As the helmsman spun the wheel, the knife-like bow of the *Amagiri* towered over the boat and then sliced it in two amidships hardly slowing the destroyer's thirty-knot speed. The *Amagiri* sped on as Hanami looked back and saw flames on the water where the boat had been. It didn't seem possible that anyone could have escaped.

But—somehow—most of the men on the PT boat had survived.

When the destroyer hit the boat, there was an explosion that lit the darkness and a great fire broke forth from the gasoline that had been spilled on the water. Two of the men probably died almost instantly; none of the crew even remembers seeing them after the collision. The impact had thrown Kennedy on his back, injuring his back in the same place where the football scrimmage at Harvard had hurt it. As the destroyer pulled away, Kennedy found that his portion—the forward half—of the PT boat was still floating, thanks to water-tight compartments. There were four other men on the hulk with him.

Kennedy found a flashlight and began probing through the darkness for the others with the light. He located Ross and five of the other enlisted men. All but two of the enlisted men were able to swim to the floating wreckage, but Kennedy had to swim to the two injured men and tug them to

the hulk. One of the casualties, MacMahon, had suffered terrible burns on his legs and could not use them. The other, Harris, had incurred a serious cut and burns on a leg.

As light dawned, the survivors huddled on the wreckage, waiting for rescuers. They knew that other PT boats must have seen what happened to them. They were right, but what they didn't know was that the crews of the other PT boats—three of them—had assumed from the explosion and fire that all aboard PT 109 had been killed. No rescue missions were sent to look for them.

The men couldn't have been in a worse spot. All about them were Japanese-held islands—Kolombangara, Vella Lavella, Gizo, and smaller spots of land. One island, on which they could see an enemy camp, was only a mile away. They decided to swim to an island which appeared to be deserted about three miles away.

McMahon was unable to swim, so Kennedy towed him by holding a strap of MacMahon's lifebelt in his mouth. It took them five hours to reach their haven. The men took shelter so that they wouldn't be seen by any curious Japanese and stretched out, exhausted, on the sand.

After resting during the day, Jack decided to swim into the Ferguson Passage, on the far side of the next island, in the hope of intercepting one of the American PT boats which had been patrolling that strait. He spent the entire night in the water, watching for a boat, but none came, and by dawn he was so spent that the current carried him past the island on which his men lay hidden. Fortunately, the current carried him in a big circle back to where he had begun, and he was finally able to make his way to shore. He lay limply on the sand, vomiting salt water and wondering if he would ever get out alive.

When he had recovered some measure of strength, Kennedy told his exec, Ross, "You try it tonight." But Ross's luck was no better than Kennedy's. He saw no boats and he, too, had to fight desperately to make his way back to the isle of refuge.

Back on Rendova, another officer was writing to Ross's mother, telling her that her son had died a hero, and the chaplain was holding memorial services for the men of PT 109.

The survivors of that boat, for their part, felt they were indeed more dead than alive. But their young skipper insisted

that they keep trying to save themselves. He decided that the entire group must swim to the next island because it was on the Ferguson Passage. Again Kennedy towed MacMahon behind him. This time the swim took three hours.

Three days had passed since the men had eaten or drunk fresh water, three days in the humid, torrid weather of equatorial Melanesia. Lips were dry and cracked from exposure to salt water. Swallowing was difficult because throats were so parched. On their new island, the men found cocoanuts. Eagerly they grabbed the cocoanuts and cracked them open for the milk inside—which made them violently sick. They found no fresh water, but when it rained that night they caught the rain water in the leaves of trees and drank it—but in the morning they found that the leaves were foul with bird dung. A few of the men became so desperate that they ate some snails they found, ate them alive.

Willing to try anything and anxious to keep up the spirits of his men, Kennedy decided that he and Ross should swim to the next island, Nauru. There their luck turned. They found two natives (who fled at the sight of them), a Japanese shelter with some hardtack biscuits, a keg of water and hard candy. A native dugout canoe nearby.

Kennedy paddled the canoe back to the rest of his group with the supplies. On the next day he set forth in the canoe to rejoin Ross on Nauru. A storm came up and overturned the canoe. As Kennedy struggled in the water, a large dugout full of natives appeared. They hauled him out of the water and took him to Nauru. They showed Kennedy and Ross where another small canoe was hidden on the island.

The natives paddled away, taking with them a cocoanut on which Jack had scratched with a penknife: "Native knows posit he can pilot 11 alive need small boat Kennedy"

Later Kennedy and Ross paddled out into the Ferguson Passage again to look for United States vessels, but their canoe was swamped in the choppy waters. For two hours the men fought their way through the waters back to Nauru. There was a heavy surf pounding the island. Jack was lifted up by a high wave and tossed into a tidal pool, unharmed. But Ross was hurled onto the jagged coral, which slashed his body in a hundred places. His feet were so bloody that he could not walk on the sand.

In the morning they awakened with a sense of alarm: people were approaching! As the figures came closer on the

beach, however, the young American officers could see that they were natives. When they reached the two Americans, one of the natives said, in excellent English, "I have a letter for you, sir."

The missive read:

"To Senior Officer, Nauru Is.,

"Have just learned of your presence on Nauru Is. and also that two natives have taken news to Rendova. I strongly advise you return immediately to here in this canoe and by the time you arrive I will be in radio communication with authorities at Rendova and we can finalize plans to collect balance of your party. Will warn aviation of your crossing Ferguson Passage.

"Lt. Wincote."

The lieutenant was a New Zealand officer on New Georgia, the natives told the Americans. The natives took Kennedy and Ross back to the rest of their group and fixed a hot meal of C rations for them all. Then Kennedy went with the natives in their dugout—he was hidden under foliage from enemy eyes—to Lieutenant Wincote's base.

That night a PT boat arrived at Wincote's base. One of the men aboard the boat called out, "Hey, Jack!"

"Where you been?" Kennedy demanded, with a little heat and more humor.

"We got some food for you," the voice called back.

"No, thanks," Kennedy replied, "I just had a cocoanut."

Another PT boat picked up the rest of the survivors of PT 109.

Their long ordeal was over at last.

For his part in the incident, Kennedy received the Purple Heart and the Navy and Marine Corps Medal. The citation for the latter, signed by Admiral William F. Halsey, read: "His courage, endurance, and excellent leadership contributed to the saving of several lives and was in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

Back on duty, Kennedy became ill with malaria. The ravages of the disease made him lose weight, and he had no spare weight to lose. He dropped to one hundred and twenty-five pounds. His back, the old injury reawakened by the new blow when PT 109 was hit, began troubling him again.

In December of that year Jack was rotated back to the United States. He was assigned as a PT training instructor

at Miami, just a short distance from his parents' home at Palm Beach. With leave coming to him, he headed straight for Palm Beach after arriving in the country.

"As soon as he dropped his bags and said hello to us, he wanted to go out right away to a night club and live it up," Charles Spaulding, a family friend, recalled later. "I guess when he was hanging onto that wrecked half of PT boat in the South Pacific, Jack thought he would never see a pretty girl or hear dance music again."

In the spring of 1944 Jack entered the Chelsea Naval Hospital near Boston for treatment of his back injury. It was not far to Hyannis Port on Cape Cod, so Jack was able to spend a good deal of time with his family there. On August 2, a year to the day after the ramming of PT 109, two priests arrived at the Kennedy home and asked to see Jack's father. Joe took them into a room where they could talk privately. When he rejoined the family a few minutes later, one glance at his face was enough to tell them that something terrible had happened.

Joe Kennedy had just been told that Joe Jr. was missing. For a few hours or days he tried to cling to that hope, but he knew it must be vain. And it was. There was never any doubt in the mind of the Navy about Joe's fate.

Joe Jr. had gone to England in September 1943 as a Navy pilot. He had flown a Navy Liberator bomber on anti-submarine patrols over the English Channel, the North Sea, and the Bay of Biscay. He had refused rotation back to the States after the usual number of missions, and had completed a full second tour of duty. In July 1944 Joe received orders to return to the States, but at the same time he heard about an experiment that was being planned to destroy the V-2 rockets which were then tormenting London. A Navy PBY4 bomber would be loaded with twenty-two thousand tons of TNT. A two-man crew would take it into the air and after setting controls to aim the plane at the V-2 launching site, they would parachute to safety over the Channel.

Only volunteers would take the plane up. Joe was one of the volunteers. He and his co-pilot, Lieutenant Wilford J. Wiley of Fort Worth, Texas, a thirty-five year old married man with three children, got the plane into the air, but something went wrong. There were two explosions just as the plane passed over the white cliffs of Dover.

The bodies were never found.

Just three months earlier Joe Jr. had been present at the civil ceremony in which his sister Kathleen—always called “Kick” by the family—was married to William Cavendish, Marquess of Hartington, eldest son of the Duke of Devonshire. It was a marriage that had been vehemently opposed by the rest of the Kennedy family, for Hartington’s family was not only Protestant, it had been a leader among the English nobility on the Protestant side in the religious wars. Even the Apostolic Delegate in London was brought into the premarital discussions.

But young Joe had stood by his sister in her time of emotional turmoil. He urged her to do what she thought was right, not what she thought other people might want her to do. And so she had married Billy Hartington.

Despite her family’s rigid opposition to the marriage, Kick had remained close to them. When she learned of Joe’s death, she flew to the States to comfort her parents in their time of grief.

On September 10—less than a month after she arrived at Hyannis Port—the British War Office sent a cable to Kick. Billy Hartington, the husband with whom she had had just one short month of married life, had been killed in action. An officer of the Coldstream Guards, he had been cut down leading an infantry charge in advance of a tank column.

For the Kennedy family, 1944 was a year of almost unbearable grief.

Kick flew back to England, where the Cavendish family took her to its bosom. She remained in England, more Cavendish than Kennedy, for a few more years. She was very popular—someone once said she was the best thing that America ever sent to the Mother Country.

After the war, on May 13, 1948, her father was on his way to the Kennedy villa at Val-sur-Mer on the Riviera, where Kick was to join him for a vacation. She accepted an offer from Earl Fitzwilliam to fly there in his small chartered plane. There was rain and fog, and it was difficult to see. The plane smashed into the side of a mountain midway between Lyons and Marseilles. Kick, Earl Fitzwilliam, and two crew members were killed.

All of the surviving Kennedys were at the graveside in Derbyshire when Kick’s body was lowered into the ground to rest beside the husband she had scarcely had a chance to know.

IX. *A Successor to Curley*

JACK KENNEDY lay in the hospital for long months. A disc operation was performed on his back, and it took a long time for him to recuperate. Shaken by the death of his brother Joe and by the grief of his sister Kick, unable to make up his mind what he wanted to do with his life after the war, Jack was troubled in mind as well as body.

During his convalescence, he began work on a book that was eventually published privately by the family with the title, *As We Remember Joe*. This tribute to Jack's dead brother contained reminiscences by many of the people who had known him. Harold Laski, for example, wrote:

"Joe is one of the most vivid memories among all the students I have had. He was interested in everything. And there was his astonishing capacity for enthusiasms; what he liked, he liked with all his heart. He had a profound interest in politics and he had his heart set on a political career; he often sat in my study and submitted with that smile that was pure magic to relentless teasing about his determination to be nothing less than President of the United States."

As Jack read the words, he also felt their special import for him. It had always been assumed that Joe would be the politician in a family where politics was almost hereditary. Joe was gone; now it was up to Jack to take up the political banner of the Kennedys.

For some time he avoided the decision that he knew in his heart to be inevitable. There was no pressure on him to come

to a decision. His father, heartbroken by the loss of Joe, sat by himself for hours on end, month after month, brooding in his grief.

The Navy summoned Jack to Washington, where he appeared before a board for examination as to his physical fitness as an officer. There was no question that his back injury had ended his usefulness to the service. Early in 1945 he was released from the Navy.

A few weeks later Jack Kennedy was at work as a special correspondent for the International News Service owned by his father's good friend, William Randolph Hearst. On April 25, 1945, the founding meeting of the United Nations was held at San Francisco, and Kennedy covered it as one of a number of INS correspondents. His dispatches, written "from a GI viewpoint," reflected a pessimistic attitude. "The world organization that will come out of San Francisco will be the product of the same passions and selfishness that produced the Treaty of Versailles," he wrote, adding that he had already heard talk at the conference "of fighting the Russians in the next ten or fifteen years." (Fifteen years later Kennedy won election to the Presidency as the world teetered on the brink of such a war.)

In the summer, Jack crossed the Atlantic to cover the opening of the Potsdam Conference of President Truman, British Prime Minister Winston Churchill, and Soviet dictator Josef Stalin. A week after the conference began, he traveled from Germany to England to cover the British elections, in which the socialist Labor Party ousted the Conservatives replacing Churchill with Clement Attlee in the midst of the Potsdam Conference. Before returning to the United States, Jack went to Dublin, whence he filed a dispatch dealing with the postwar areas of friction between Ireland and the United Kingdom.

And that was the end of Jack Kennedy's brief career as a journalist. He has since said that he didn't like newspaper work because a reporter is too much the spectator and too little the doer, but the blunt truth is that he was not a very good reporter. Journalism was simply not his vocation. His articles were ponderous, pedestrian, and uninspired.

So once again he found himself at loose ends. He had decided before going into service that he didn't want to be a lawyer. His brief taste of business administration at Stanford

had persuaded him that the life of commerce and industry was not for him. Journalism had lost its appeal. He toyed vaguely with the possibility of an academic life, but was discouraged by the prospect of the additional studies he would have to undertake in order to qualify as a teacher.

He was twenty-eight years old. He had written a successful book. He had a bachelor's degree from Harvard. He had experience as a Navy officer behind him. He was adept in several sports.

But he had no real direction, no goal.

Now his father, pulling himself together and emerging from the despondent mood that had gripped him, began to urge a political career upon Jack. With Joe gone, it was now up to Jack to become the politician in the family, he said. This argument made sense to Jack; it is the way the Kennedys think about such things. As Jack himself said years later, "Just as I went into politics because Joe died, if anything happened to me tomorrow, my brother Bobby would run for my seat in the Senate. And if Bobby died, Teddy would take over for him."

The question was much more complicated than Jack's comment might imply. For one thing, there was the matter of personality. Joe was a vivacious, gregarious, back-slapping sort of fellow, who liked nothing better than to light up a cigar, stride into a slum saloon, and enjoy some convivial drinks with truck drivers and longshoremen. Jack, on the other hand, was quieter, more retiring, with a real distaste for the handshaking and the bluff fellowship of politics.

Another problem was political geography. Jack had lived in Boston, Bronxville, Cambridge, Hyannis Port, and Palm Beach. Where was his home? The last place a friend of the family might name would be Boston—but that was where the Kennedys and Fitzgeralds had their political base. Where was his legal residence? That was just as uncertain. In view of those questions, where should Jack enter politics, and how? To engage in clubhouse politics on the ward level was out of the question; it ran against the grain of his personality.

At that point an old enemy of Jack's Grandfather Kennedy unintentionally helped the young Kennedy. James Curley decided he wanted to be Mayor of Boston again.

Curley was a phenomenon that only Boston could have maintained in the United States in the middle of the twen-

tieth century. He was an anachronism, a throwback to the Neanderthal days of American politics, to the days when ward bosses really could deliver the vote.

Indeed, Curley was still serving as Mayor in 1947 while serving a sentence in federal prison for fraud in connection with a defense contract going back to the days before Pearl Harbor. And John F. Kennedy, by then a Congressman, was the only Massachusetts Democrat who refused to sign a petition for Presidential clemency for Curley!

In the spring of 1945 Curley was United States Representative from the Eleventh District of Massachusetts, but he was hankering for his old job as Mayor. He announced his candidacy for the mayoralty election to be held the following November. Among the politicians who gave him their support was old John F. Fitzgerald—Honey Fitz, still in the fray. Curley won the election easily.

That left a vacancy in the Eleventh District. A special election would have to be held to choose a Congressman. Nine candidates declared themselves in the Democratic primary (the only one that counts in the Eleventh District, where Republicans are as scarce as they are in Mississippi).

One of the nine was a tousle-haired, skinny, boyish veteran whose skin was still yellow from malaria drugs—John F. Kennedy. The other candidates included a state legislator, Mike Neville; Curley's secretary, John F. Cotter; a former major in the Women's Army Corps, Catherine Falvey; and two men with the same name: Joseph Russo.

The district includes Wards 1, 2, 3, 22 in Boston (that is: East Boston, Charlestown, the North End, the West End, and Brighton), all of Cambridge, and Wards 1, 2, and 3 in Somerville.

Old Pat Kennedy and Honey Fitz had had their strongholds in Boston's Wards 1 and 3, and the names *Fitzgerald* and *Kennedy* were still magic there. As Curley said when he heard that John Fitzgerald Kennedy was running for his old office, "Kennedy! How can he lose? He's got a double-barreled name. . . . He doesn't even need to campaign. He can go to Washington now and forget the primary and election."

It wasn't quite that easy. First, Kennedy had to establish his legal residence. Since 1945 he had maintained a suite at the Bellevue Hotel, a politicians' hangout near the State House on Beacon Hill. Jack listed the hotel as his legal residence

when he filed his candidacy. Later he acquired, as an official residence, a three-room apartment at 122 Bowdoin Street. There were many in Boston—mostly hostile politicians—who called Kennedy a “carpetbagger.”

Second, Kennedy had to set up an organization. His first call was on his old friends, from the Navy, from Harvard, from Choate. Some were Republicans, but all pitched in to help their friend. Red Fay, who had served in the same PT boat squadron, flew in from San Francisco to help. Les Billings, one of Jack's oldest friends, arrived from Baltimore. Billings himself was almost a symbol of the campaign organization: born in Pittsburgh, he was working in a Boston election; an Episcopalian, he was working in an overwhelmingly Catholic district; a Republican, he was working for a Democratic candidate.

Some, like one of the old friends of Joe Jr., Timothy (Ted) Reardon, would be part of Kennedy's troupe all the way to the White House; others would lose interest in politics. Francis X. Morrissey, once secretary to former Governor Maurice Tobin, was brought in as campaign manager at the suggestion of Jack's father to lend some professionalism to the endeavor.

The most difficult barrier was Jack's own personality. In the beginning he was shy, embarrassed, apologetic. “If Joe were alive,” he used to say, as though to justify himself, “I wouldn't be in this. I'm only trying to fill his shoes.”

With Joe dead, the old competition was still going on—the brother who always lost couldn't get used to the new state of affairs.

As a child afraid of darkness forces himself to walk down darkened streets to rid himself of his fear, so Jack Kennedy drove himself to play the politician. Day after day, from morning until late at night, he went through the district. He plunged into the murky doorways of slum dwellings to climb from floor to floor, knocking at doors, introducing himself, shaking hands with housewives and their husbands, patting children on the head, and asking for votes. He darted into taverns, warehouses, grocery stores, garages, plants, fire stations, barber shops, beauty salons, piers, shaking hands, grinning the famous Kennedy grin, joking lightly about the primary. He attended political rallies, took part in debates with other candidates, met with civic groups to answer their ques-

times

One of the issues in the campaign was the proposed loan to Great Britain. Like his father, Jack Kennedy supported it, although several of the other candidates tried to curry favor with the anti-British elements among the Irish in the district by opposing it. (Joe Kennedy said it was to our own advantage to help the British, but he added, "But in doing so let us not practice deceit on the American people. The truth is that financial aid to the United Kingdom, whatever name is applied to it, is and should be an outright gift.")

On other issues, such as employment, housing, rent and price controls, social security, veterans' benefits, Kennedy took the general line of the liberal Democrats. He discussed these questions in a calm, informal, easy way, not in the florid style characteristic of Boston politicians. And the more he spoke, the more assurance he gained. He became less apologetic, less restrained, less self-conscious. He sounded self-confident, sure of his ground.

And it became easier for him to behave like a politician. One night Joe Kennedy drove down to Maverick Square, a gathering place for Italian-Americans. The crowd was hostile but as Jack passed among the men, shaking hands and talking in friendly fashion, it visibly warmed. His father watched in astonishment. "I never thought Jack had it in him," he said.

The elder Kennedy poured money into the campaign as though it were a drive for the White House itself. *The New Yorker* had carried an article on Jack's wartime ordeal written by John Hersey and *The Reader's Digest* had reprinted it; copies of the article were distributed by the tens of thousands throughout the district. There were billboards, posters, stickers. Streetcars passing through the district had three or four Kennedy placards apiece.

The display of Kennedy resources in the campaign almost became a liability; some of the other candidates—Miss Falvey, for one—called Kennedy "the poor little rich boy." It was said that the Kennedy family was trying to buy a seat in Congress for its eldest surviving son. But the charge appeared to have little effect on the voters, as a similar accusation did fourteen years later, when a much greater prize was at stake.

To reach every corner of the district, the Kennedy strategists decided, they needed something more than radio and newspaper advertisements that covered all of the Boston area. They wanted to be able to call their shots. They wanted to be able to reach those voters who didn't go to street corner

meetings, didn't attend rallies, were not generally interested in politics.

The answer was the neighborhood house party. Jack's sisters helped to organize them. There were more parties than anyone could keep track of, in every neighborhood in the district. Kennedy sometimes went to a half dozen of them in a single evening. The Kennedy organization supplied everything—coffee, cookies, china, flatware, flowers. At campaign headquarters a careful record was kept of everyone who attended the parties. Later they'd be asked to talk to their neighbors about Kennedy.

The biggest party of all came at the end of the campaign, when two thousand women voters were invited to a tea party in a hotel as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy. The women were awed at the chance to meet "the first Irish Brahmins."

Finally primary night arrived in June. Kennedy went to the polls with his maternal grandparents and then dropped into a movie theater to see *A Night in Casablanca*.

Then the results came in. Kennedy got 22,183 votes, almost double the vote for his closest rival, Neville. Kennedy's vote amounted to 42 per cent of the total. All of his eight opponents combined received only 32,541 votes.

It was a great victory, and old Honey Fitz was so stirred by the proof of political virility in his grandson that he climbed onto a table at campaign headquarters and danced to the tune of "Sweet Adeline." As *Time* later commented, "That was the last real touch of traditional Boston Irish American politics in the career of Jack Kennedy, the most phenomenally successful Irish American politician of them all."

It was indeed the last touch of its kind. For the Eleventh District had elected a different kind of politician, a man who would upset precedents all the way to the White House.

X. *The Gentleman from Massachusetts*

THE STORY IN WASHINGTON—denied without much force by John F. Kennedy—is that the young Representative of the Eleventh District of Massachusetts was mistaken for a page boy when he first tried to get past the guards to enter the House Chamber on Capitol Hill. Indeed, there was even some talk of making the Congressional pages wear knickerbockers so they could be distinguished from the lawmakers.

Kennedy settled down in a rented house in Georgetown, Washington's loveliest old section, with his sister Eunice (until her marriage to R. Sargent Shriver Jr. of Chicago). Margaret Ambrose, a fixture of the Kennedy family for years, was the housekeeper, and she tried in vain to put weight on Jack's skinny frame. His valet was George Thomas, who had previously served Arthur Krock of *The New York Times*.

On Capitol Hill Kennedy made no more splash than a small pebble in a large ocean during his first term. The only remarkable thing about his conduct then was his independence regarding the party's leaders. This was most apparent in his distant attitude toward the head of the Massachusetts delegation, Representative John W. McCormack, House Majority Leader and bosom pal of President Harry S. Truman. Relations between Kennedy and McCormack were distinctly cool. In Kennedy's second term the temperature was to drop even closer to the freezing point.

But for his first term Kennedy was satisfied to take it easy and observe—to see how things were done in Washington,

to develop his methods for operating as a Congressman, to explore the city, which was, in the years ahead, to become his real home.

In his spare time he liked to slip on slacks and a sweat shirt and play touch football with some of his young friends and buddies. One day he dropped by a high school playing field while the team practiced. With the permission of the coach, he took part in the scrimmage.

"How's the Congressman doing?" the coach asked Freddy Greenleaf, the halfback.

"Is that what they call him?" the boy asked. "Coach, he needs a lot of work."

Freddy wasn't the only person to be confused by the Congressman's youthful appearance. Ed O'Neal, lobbyist for the iron block, kept putting his foot in his mouth unconsciously at a House committee hearing by calling Kennedy "laddie" whenever he referred to him.

The tourists who visited the Capitol often mistook Kennedy for—well, for almost anything but a Congressman. And little wonder, for he certainly didn't dress the part. (Until his marriage Kennedy was a notoriously careless dresser.) Even on the floor of the House itself Jack showed up occasionally in old khaki pants. He could sometimes be seen strolling across the House floor with his shirt-tail hanging out, which did nothing to add to the dignity of that august body.

This sloppiness of attire didn't seem to discourage the young women, however. Washington is a wonderful town for men, because the large number of women employed in government offices creates an imbalance in the ratio between the sexes. Kennedy went on frequent dates, but almost always with different girls. Sometimes he paired up for double dates with other bachelors in the House of Representatives. His most frequent partner in these paired excursions was his close friend, George Smathers of Florida, who had come to Washington at the same time as he.

And he kept listening. And watching. And thinking.

Above all, he kept preparing for the next election. He was taking no chances. At his office in Washington and at another office which he opened in the Post Office Building in Boston, his staff handled the problems of his constituents quickly, efficiently. Did Mr. Langley of Cambridge want to go on the mailing list for *The Congressional Record*? The Congress-

man (actually, his staff) would be happy to arrange it. Did the Air Force son of Mrs. O'Halloran want a transfer to a base near Boston during his father's long illness? The Congressman thought the Air Force might bend a little in the name of mercy. Did the Fellicci family want to bring their cousin into the country from Italy? The Congressman would see what could be done.

Kennedy helped his constituents, and he reminded them, as often as he could, that he was ready to help them and to fight for their interests in the capital.

It worked. In 1948 not one opponent appeared to contest Kennedy in the primary, and when the election rolled around the Republicans didn't even bother to put up a candidate. Two years later five undaunted Democrats tried to wrest the nomination from him, but he amassed a primary vote more than five times greater than the combined tally for all of the others. In the election that year he defeated a young Republican lawyer by a margin approaching five to one. He reported officially that he had not spent one penny on his campaign that year. The Eleventh District was obviously in his pocket. One day, discussing Massachusetts politics with another politician in Washington, Kennedy said, "*I am* the Democratic Party in my district," and he wasn't merely bragging.

What kind of a Congressman was this young man—just twenty-nine years old when he took his oath of office?

The answer to that question is not easy.

He was not a politician to whom labels could be applied. He was liberal and conservative, internationalist and isolationist, pro-labor and pro-management.

It was not until his second term that Kennedy did anything that was notable, with one exception: housing. The war was just a year in the past in 1946 when Kennedy was nominated (and thus assured of election in his Democratic district) to his Congressional seat, and one of the most pressing problems facing the nation was housing. Millions of men were coming out of service, and they couldn't find living quarters to match their numbers. Residential construction had been stalled for years before the war by the Depression, when many families "doubled up" to save money.

To meet the need for housing, a bill was introduced in Congress which provided federal support and incentives. The authors of the bill were an oddly assorted lot: Senator

Robert A. Taft, Republican of Ohio, leader of the conservatives; Senator Allen J. Ellender, Democrat of Louisiana, a leader of the Southern Democrats; and Senator Robert F. Wagner, Democrat of New York, a leader of the liberal Democrats. Real estate interests, which often have powerful political connections, were bitterly opposed to the TEW Bill, as it was called; veterans, and many other Americans, were impatient to have it enacted.

In the summer of 1946 Kennedy was invited to be chairman of the national encampment of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, which was held at Boston. Kennedy presided over the convention and also offered a resolution from the floor endorsing the TEW Bill; the resolution was passed. Other veterans' groups also supported the measure, but the American Legion leadership, despite persistent pressure from its rank and file members, continued to oppose the bill. The bill was blocked repeatedly until late in 1949, when housing finally got the support of Congress.

In the meantime, however, Jack Kennedy had made one of the few rash, impulsive statements of his life. During the debate on housing early in 1949, he was so carried away by the passions of the argument that he finally sputtered, "The leadership of the American Legion has not had a constructive thought for the benefit of this country since 1918!"

This was sheer heresy, as shocking to a politician as criticism of motherhood or churchgoing might be. One Congressman after another got up to disassociate himself from Kennedy's brash statement and to lavish praise on the American Legion. Jack himself was urged to retract his remarks. Instead, he reiterated his condemnation of the Legion's leaders. He fully recognized the political hazard; when he returned to his office, he told Ted Reardon, his assistant, "Well, Ted, we're gone!"

In the long run, however, no harm came of Kennedy's recklessness.

On other issues, Kennedy's record as a Representative was mixed. He fought the Taft-Hartley Bill, which was aimed at restricting labor unions, but after it became law he favored amendments to soften the law, rather than outright repeal. He consistently favored labor reform measures. He voted against a tax bill that helped the oil industry, and against the weakening of postwar rent controls. He opposed any move to cut down appropriations for the school lunch program.

He voted against federal aid to education in 1950 because the bill did not, in his opinion, provide for children attending Catholic parochial schools. He voted with the economy bloc in Congress on appropriations for many federal programs and agencies; in 1949 he asked on the House floor, "How long can we continue deficit financing on such a large scale with a national debt of over 258 billion dollars?" He supported the Twenty-Second Amendment to the Constitution, which limited the Presidency to two terms. He backed the Marshall Plan but he was one of the first Congressmen to accuse the White House and the Department of State of having made possible the military victory of the Chinese Communists over the Nationalists.

Jack's sincerity was sometimes a matter for speculation by persons not altogether won over by his charm. There was the time, for instance, when a group of Congressmen gathered to discuss housing legislation. Representative McCormack looked about and saw that Kennedy was not present. McCormack held up a copy of a Boston newspaper. It carried a headline quoting Kennedy as demanding that Congress pass a housing law.

"Where's Johnny?" McCormack asked grimly, waving the paper above his head. "Where's Johnny?"

The answer was that "Johnny" was off on a speaking tour, as usual, running for office. (During his entire career in the House and the Senate, Kennedy had one of the worst records for absenteeism because of his persistent electioneering.) The strange thing was that this time Kennedy didn't even know what office he was running for!

It happened like this: Early in his Washington career Jack decided that life as a Representative was not enough. There were 435 other members of the lower house, and, as Kennedy himself later recalled, "We were just worms over in the House—nobody paid much attention to us nationally."

Despite his favorable committee appointment (on the Committee on Education and Labor, whose members also included a young Republican from California, Richard M. Nixon), Kennedy had quickly found that it was virtually impossible to make a big splash nationally as a Representative. He had to go on to something bigger.

But what?

There were two obvious offices to which he could aspire—Governor of Massachusetts or Senator from that state.

The difficulty was that a Democrat, Paul A. Dever, was Governor, and if he chose to run for the Senate, there was little question that the Democratic nomination would be his. If he did make that decision, then Kennedy might run for the gubernatorial vacancy that would be created.

In the meantime, Kennedy set out to run for Office Unknown.

Early in 1948 he began campaigning across the state. Certain that an early start could be a great asset, he sought and obtained speaking engagements before almost every club or other organization in almost every community in the state. He had to make his name well known across the state, and he intended to do just that.

It began with Tony Coluccio, a young Harvard-trained lawyer. Jack had known him at college, where they had both played junior football. Coluccio had helped in Kennedy's election to Congress in 1946 and now he was asked to help in his new effort. He began by visiting every one of the 351 cities, towns, and villages in Massachusetts. It took eighteen months to do it, but when he was through he had invaluable lists of local leaders who might be interested in assisting a Kennedy campaign. These were not political leaders—they were community leaders, civic leaders, the best citizens in each town.

The lists were turned over to two other Kennedy aides, Kenneth O'Donnell and Lawrence F. O'Brien. These remarkable young men had knack for politics and quickly earned the respect of old-line politicians. They were a vital part of the Kennedy team all the way to the Executive Mansion. After Kennedy became President, both were appointed to the posts of Special Assistant to the President. Kenny O'Donnell had been Robert Kennedy's football teammate at Harvard (O'Donnell was team captain). Larry O'Brien came from Springfield; he had first come to Kennedy's attention as the secretary of Foster Furcolo when Furcolo, later to be Governor, was a Congressman. On the Kennedy team, O'Brien was always the organizer, O'Donnell the tactician.

Using the lists, O'Brien and O'Donnell formed Kennedy committees all over the state. The committees kept working quietly to get Kennedy speaking invitations—to give him exposure," as the television world puts it.

The result was a grueling schedule for the young Congressman. Every Thursday he would fly from Washington

to Boston. There Frank Morrissey, who ran his Boston office, would be waiting for him, along with Bob Morey, a former prize fighter who served as chauffeur. Sometimes other friends might be drafted to help. John Galvin, who was one of them, recalled, "Back there in 1948 Jack had me driving him on dark winter nights over those steep, icy roads in the Berkshires to meetings of the Eagles and the Loyal Order of the Moose in places like North Adams and Pittsfield."

On these engagements Kennedy usually avoided controversial topics. He discussed local matters or relatively safe national or international problems. He didn't want to stir anybody up; he just wanted to show them what he was like, so they'd know him and his name. Morrissey thinks that Kennedy must have talked to more than a million people and shaken the hands of at least three-quarters of that number before the campaign properly got underway.

After a long weekend of speeches, visits, conferences, fast trips to various communities, and unbalanced meals—hamburgers, as often as not—snatched in ten minutes, Kennedy would board a plane for Washington on Sunday night or Monday night.

Few men could have kept up such a pace for so long. The pace, inevitably took its toll: Jack's old back injury began to throb with pain again and soon he was forced to use crutches except when he was in public. He would limp to the door to an auditorium, body contorted with pain; then, preparing to face the audience, square his shoulders, take a deep breath, and stride in with no sign of difficulty. "I don't know how he did it," said one man who saw many such performances by Kennedy.

Early in April 1952 Governor Dever finally made up his mind. He had decided that the incumbent Senator, Henry Cabot Lodge, a Republican, would be too hard to beat. Lodge was a formidable opponent. He was first elected to the Senate in 1936—the year of the greatest landslide in Democratic history—by a 142,000 vote margin over the redoubtable James Michael Curley. There was no question about it: Lodge was a vote-getter.

Moreover, in 1952 Lodge was running on a Republican ticket headed by General Dwight D. Eisenhower for President, and the odds were with Eisenhower to win by a handsome margin.

No, this was no year to risk his political future, so Dever decided to sit it out.

On April 8 John F. Kennedy declared himself a candidate for the Senate.

The two candidates were curiously alike. Both were handsome, with a good deal of appeal for women voters. Both had worked briefly as journalists, Lodge on *The Boston Transcript* and *The New York Herald Tribune*. Both were the offspring of highly political families, Lodge's father having been the Senator who blocked Woodrow Wilson's dream of taking the United States into the League of Nations. Both were war heroes, Lodge having left the Senate to serve in Africa, Italy, and France as an officer in an armored division.

Lodge was Eisenhower's campaign manager, which was a mistake on his part. His adversary had been running for this office for four years; because of his Presidential campaign duties, Lodge wasn't able to devote even the usual time to his own affairs. Towards election day, as he began to get word from his precinct captains that his campaign was in trouble, Lodge began devoting more and more time to his own drive in Massachusetts, but he was too late. Kennedy had already been there.

Indeed, *all* the Kennedys had been there. The sisters had been ringing doorbells and appearing at campaign teas all over the state. Kennedy's mother and father were hosts at a series of receptions across the state. The elder Kennedy, ensconced in a suite in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in Boston, kept summoning politicians who were under obligation to him, to urge them to go all-out for Jack.

Many of Joe Kennedy's friends were Taft Republicans who were bitter at Lodge for having helped the Eisenhower forces to sweep the convention. One such was Basil Brewer, publisher of *The New Bedford Standard*, who endorsed Kennedy in his bitterness.

The Boston Post, which had been firmly Republican and had given support to Lodge early in the campaign, switched in midstream and urged its readers to vote for Eisenhower for President but for Kennedy and all the other Democrats for other offices.

There is a curious story behind that endorsement. The story emerged during the Congressional of Bernard Goldfine which led ultimately to the imprisonment of that indus-

trialist and the fall from power of his friend, Sherman Adams, who had been Eisenhower's top aide. In 1958 John Fox, publisher of *The Boston Post*, was testifying in the Goldfine hearings when he was asked if he had had business dealings with Joe Kennedy. Fox said that in 1952 he had obtained a loan of \$500,000 from the elder Kennedy, but he insisted that the loan was made after he had decided to endorse Jack, not before. Joe Kennedy's office confirmed that there had been such a loan, but said it was a straight business deal with no strings attached; the money had been repaid.

It was an expensive, as well as a hectic, campaign. The Kennedy committees filed a statement later admitting expenditures of \$349,646, of which \$70,000 was put up by the Kennedys themselves. (A fund-raising letter began: "Believe it or not, Jack Kennedy needs money.") Probably more than half a million dollars in all was spent by the Kennedy forces.

The Republicans spent over a million dollars.

The last few weeks of the campaign were a wild nightmare of posters, speeches, television commercials, rallies, buttons, banners, receptions, billboards, and so on. Both candidates worked almost around the clock.

In South Boston, late one night, Kennedy looked out the window of his car and saw that Lodge was in the car in the next lane. He called a greeting to Lodge. As the light changed, Lodge leaned out, waved his hand, and shouted, "Jack! Isn't this a hell of a way to make a living?"

On the night before the election Eisenhower came to Boston for a giant rally aimed at putting a last-minute push behind Lodge's campaign, but nothing could save him.

Thirty-six hours later the results were in: Eisenhower had swept the state (as he had swept the nation) and he had carried with him to victory every Republican running for election in Massachusetts.

Every Republican—but one. Henry Cabot Lodge had gone down in defeat. Kennedy had defeated him, 1,207,105 votes to 1,138,352. A margin of 70,000 votes wasn't much, but it was more than enough.

Representative Kennedy was now Senator Kennedy.

The Saturday Evening Post would soon be calling him "the Senate's most eligible bachelor," but he wouldn't be able to claim that title for long. A woman was about to come into his life, and nothing would ever be quite the same again.

XI. *The Senator Takes a Wife*

CHARLES AND MARTHA BARTLETT were a newly married couple. Like many who are enjoying the joys of wedded life for the first time, they felt evangelistic about marriage: all of their friends who were unmarried ought to get married right away.

Bartlett was Washington correspondent for *The Chattanooga Times* and among the unmarried friends of the Bartletts was John Kennedy. Charles and Martha agreed that Jack, who was then a Representative, and Jackie would make a perfect couple. They constantly talked to Jack about Jackie and to Jackie about Jack—but they couldn't seem to get the two together. Finally, in June 1951, the Bartletts were able to arrange a dinner party in their Georgetown home. Among the eight couples were Miss Jacqueline Lee Bouvier and the Honorable John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

There is a legend in Washington that young Kennedy promptly "leaned across the asparagus and asked for a date." Jackie denies it; she says asparagus wasn't even served that night—which proves that she has a remarkable memory and an equally remarkable composure.

The party was something of an anticlimax: it was not a case of love at first sight.

At the end of the informal dinner party, Charles and Jack escorted Jackie to her car on the street in front of the house. Kennedy started murmuring to her about whether he might not go along with her and stop for a drink somewhere. He stopped abruptly as he noticed a man sitting in the back seat of her car. Jackie was as startled as he.

It seems that one of the men who regularly escorted her about town had been strolling along the quiet Georgetown street when he noticed her car. Hoping to see her when she came out, he had hopped into the back seat to wait.

But Jackie never got a chance to explain all that to the young Congressman at her side. Obviously misunderstanding the situation, he hastily bid her goodbye and vanished.

That was the last Jackie saw of him for seven months.

But in those months Kennedy never forgot the tall, slim beauty whose soft voice and feminine ways had held him fascinated at the party. Busy as he was with his campaigning in Massachusetts, he nevertheless found the time to learn more about her.

Jacqueline Lee Bouvier had been born to wealth and reared in an atmosphere of luxury, culture, and material security. Material—but not emotional, for she came of a broken home.

She was born on July 28, 1929, six weeks after her expected arrival. Plans had been made for her birth in a New York hospital, but by the time she got around to putting in an appearance, summer was well advanced and her mother—and the doctor—both happened to be on Long Island to escape the heat of Manhattan. So Jacqueline Lee Bouvier, weight eight pounds, was born in the hospital at fashionable Southampton on that sunny Sunday.

Her parents had been married a year and three weeks earlier in one of the most spectacular society weddings of the season. Her mother, a striking brunette named Janet Lee, was twenty-one. Her father, John Vernon Bouvier III, considered by many the handsomest man in New York society, was sixteen years older.

Janet Lee's family was prominent in real estate and banking; even today her father, James T. Lee, in his mid-eighties, is active as President of the Central Savings Bank in New York. Janet went to Miss Spence's School and then to Sweet Briar and Barnard Colleges. Among her friends were the Bouvier twins, Maude and Michelle. Through them, one summer at East Hampton, she met their older brother, John, who was generally called Black Jack, the Black Orchid, or the **Sheik**.

Bouvier traced his ancestry back to Andre Eustache Bouvier, one of the French soldiers who fought under Washington at the decisive battle of Yorktown in 1781. Andre

went back to France after the war, but he always spoke glowingly of the marvelous free country in the New World. His son, Michel, inspired by his father's memories, finally made the great voyage and settled in America. Other Bouviers followed him from Pont St. Esprit. Michel set down his roots in Philadelphia, and thrived there. The Bouviers became a rich and influential family there and later in New York, where Jacqueline's great-grandfather, John Vernou Bouvier, decided to make his home after fighting in the Civil War. His wife founded what is still one of the city's greatest charitable institutions, the New York Foundling Hospital. The Bouviers became traders on the Stock Exchange, on which Jacqueline's father held a seat.

Jacqueline (the name she has always preferred over "Jackie") was the first child born to Jack and Janet Bouvier. A couple of years later a second child was born. They named her Caroline Lee Bouvier, but she has always been known by her middle name.

A short time before Lee was born, Jackie broke into print for the first time. It was in a newspaper society column, which said: "Little Jackie Bouvier will not make her bow to society for another sixteen years or more, but she was a charming hostess at her second birthday party given at the home of her parents, 'Rowdy Hall,' on Egypt Lane."

The Bouvier family lived in a fashionable duplex apartment at 740 Park Avenue, but it was a trifle unorthodox for that silk-stockings atmosphere. For example, little Jackie kept a pet rabbit in the bath tub with her fond father's permission.

Animals always played a big part in Jackie's life. As a child, she used to dictate angry letters about cruelty to animals to her father, who would write them down in all seriousness and send them off to the newspapers, which frequently printed them. Jackie was less than a year old when she was first lifted onto the back of a horse by her mother, who was an accomplished horsewoman. At two Jackie attended an East Hampton dog show at which her grandmother Bouvier and an aunt won blue ribbons for their dogs. But Jackie made her presence felt, too. A newspaper reported: "Little two-year-old Jacqueline Bouvier toddled to the show platform and exhibited with great pride a wee Scotch terrier of about her own size."

There were other dogs in Jackie's childhood, all black—at

her insistence—including another Scottie, a poodle, and a cocker spaniel. But her relatives remember best the happy beast named Caprice, a dog of the breed called Bouvier des Flandres, a big, black, shaggy kind of dog used in Belgium for herding cattle (*bouvier*, whence Jackie's family name is also derived, means "cowherd").

At five, Jackie went into her first horse show at Smithtown, Long Island, at the end of a lead line. At six, she was jumping horses in the Southampton Horse Show. At about the same time, Jackie and her mother, riding chestnut mares, won third prize in the family class at the East Hampton Horse Show. At eleven, Jackie won two national awards, both offered by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals: the Alfred Maclay Trophy for horsemanship and the Good Hands award. *The New York Times* commented: "Miss Bouvier achieved a rare distinction. The occasions are few when a young rider wins both contests in the same show."

Jackie's education followed the prescribed pattern for a girl whose family is in *The Social Register*: a year at Miss Yates' pre-school class, then to Miss Chapin's School at 100 East End Avenue, where Miss Ethel Stringfellow, the headmistress, told Jackie's mother, "She has the most inquiring mind we've had in this school in thirty-five years."

In 1939 the assured, secure pattern of life of the Bouvier girls was shattered by a devastating emotional blow: their parents called the girls in and told them, sadly, that they had decided on a separation. A few days later Mrs. Bouvier and the girls moved to a smaller apartment at 1 Gracie Square, close to Miss Chapin's School.

The following year Mrs. Bouvier filed suit for divorce in Manhattan. The only ground for divorce in New York state is adultery. She charged that her husband had been guilty of misconduct with an unnamed woman on several occasions beginning in the summer of 1936. In August and September of 1938, she said, he had carried on an affair with a Boston woman. Her husband denied the charges.

Six months later, after Bouvier and his wife had agreed on a property settlement and custody of the children, she got a quiet divorce in Nevada, where incompatibility is sufficient cause.

From then on, the girls saw Black Jack Bouvier every Sunday, half of every school vacation, and six weeks each sum-

ner. Those precious days with their father were to remain golden memories for the girls, memories of accompanying him to ball games and horse races, of watching admiringly as he drove his car, danced, or played amateur baseball, of being taken to the zoo and theater, of being taken to elegant restaurants for gay dinners or to ice cream parlors for orgies of sundae-eating.

Their mother had always been a part of the "horsey" set that is most at home at Saratoga and Churchill Downs, in Kentucky and Virginia, and at Aiken, South Carolina. Inevitably, as a handsome woman, she began to attract admirers after her divorce. Two years after the legal end of her marriage to Bouvier, she became the third wife of Hugh D. Auchincloss, a member of the New York Stock Exchange and a consultant to the government on international problems arising out of aviation. (Auchincloss's second wife had been Mrs. Nina Gore Vidal, whose son by a previous marriage, Gore Vidal, is a well known playwright.)

As members of the Auchincloss family, the Bouvier girls acquired a whole new group of relatives. They have a half-brother and a half-sister, James and Janet, born to their mother and Auchincloss. There are two stepbrothers and one stepsister: Hugh D. Auchincloss Jr. (born of Auchincloss's first marriage) and Thomas Gore Auchincloss and Nina Gore Auchincloss (born of the second marriage). All of the children got along famously together. They were truly like brothers and sisters born of one union. They were all crazy about horses, so Jackie and Lee felt right at home from the beginning. And Jackie's horsemanship was enough to earn her the respect of any rider.

The family spent winters at "Merrywood," the enormous Auchincloss manor house set in the midst of a forty-six-acre estate in the heart of Virginia's horse country. Summers were spent at "Hammersmith Farm," a huge, airy, sunny, informal house surrounded by seventy-five acres on the shore at Newport, the Rhode Island society resort.

It was at the latter place that Jackie made her debut, at an afternoon tea reception on the lawn that slopes down to the water. Jamie, her half-brother, was baptized the same day, so the invitations read:

"To meet: Miss Jacqueline Bouvier and Master James Lee Auchincloss."

Later Jackie and another debutante, Rose Grosvenor, were

honored at a dinner dance at Newport's Clambake Club which was one of the most lavish debut parties of the season. Jackie also was presented to society at the Debutante Cotillion and Christmas Ball, the International Ball, and the Junior League Ball, all in New York.

Jackie's sister, Lee, then fourteen, was quite an attraction for the boys at the party in the Clambake Club, thanks to a daring dress she had secretly had made. In 1940 Lee made her own debut and three years later she married Michael T. Canfield, diplomat son of publisher Cass Canfield. That marriage ended in divorce but in 1959 Lee married again, this time to Prince Stanislas Radziwill, a Polish noble in exile who had become a London businessman.

When the Bouvier girls and their mother moved from New York to "Merrywood," Jackie entered the Holt-Arms School in Washington. Then she went to the equally exclusive finishing school, Miss Porter's School at Farmington, Connecticut. By the time she made her debut, she was ready to enter Vassar College, at Poughkeepsie, New York. That was in 1947, when society columnist Cholly Knickerbocker (whose real name is Igor Cassini) named her "Deb of the Year." He wrote:

"America is a country of traditions. Every four years we elect a President, every two years our Congressman. And every year a new Queen of Debutantes is crowned. This year, for the first time since our predecessor selected Brenda Frazier as the Queen of Glamour, we are ready to name the No. 1 Deb of the Year and the nine runners-up. Queen Deb of the year is Jacqueline Bouvier, a regal debutante who has classic features and the daintiness of Dresden porcelain. She has poise, is soft-spoken and intelligent, everything the leading debutante should be. Her background is strictly 'Old Guard'. . . . Jacqueline is now studying at Vassar. You don't have to read a batch of press clippings to be aware of her qualities."

Jackie remained at Vassar for her freshman and sophomore years, but she wasn't happy in the atmosphere of the woman's college. She has never discussed her feelings about Vassar in detail, but when she decided not to return there for her third year, she told her mother, "I don't feel like being a little girl again."

Part of the difficulty was that Jackie was beginning to

grow dissatisfied with the men of the world she inhabited—the young men of wealth and station.

"I really did enjoy the parties and dances," she has since said. "But Newport—when I was about nineteen, I knew I didn't want the rest of my life to be there. I didn't want to marry any of the young men I grew up with—not because of them but because of their life. I didn't know what I wanted. I was still floundering."

Instead of returning to Vassar, Jackie joined a group of friends from Smith College who were going to France. She spent a year in the land of her ancestors, and loved it. Toward the end of the year, her mother noticed an advertisement in *Vogue* announcing the annual Prix de Paris contest held by the magazine. The winner would have a job for six months in *Vogue's* Paris offices and an additional half-year in its New York offices. Mrs. Auchincloss urged Jackie to enter the contest.

As the contest rules required, Jackie submitted a personal profile, the plan for an entire issue of *Vogue*, four technical papers on fashions, and a five-hundred-word essay on "People I Wish I Had Known."

Charles Baudelaire, Oscar Wilde, and Serge Diaghileff were the persons Jackie wished she had known. "They came from three different countries and specialized in three different fields: poetry, playwriting, and ballet," she pointed out in a long and gracefully written paper, "yet I think a common theory runs through their work, a certain concept of the interrelation of the arts."

The contest drew 1,280 young women from 225 colleges. Jacqueline Bouvier won first place.

But she declined the honor. She decided against returning to France.

"I guess I was too scared to go," she later said. "I felt then that if I went back I'd live there forever, because I loved Paris so much. That's such a formative year—when you get out of college—don't you think?"

But Jackie wasn't out of college yet. She decided to finish her college education close to home, at George Washington University, to which she could commute from "Merrywood." After graduating in 1951, Jackie wanted to be a newspaper reporter, but such jobs are always hard to find. Her stepfather turned to an old friend of his for help—Arthur Krock,

of *The New York Times* (who was also, as we've seen, an old friend of Joe Kennedy and his son Jack). Krock asked his friend, Frank Waldrop, editor of *The Washington Times-Herald*, which has since been merged with *The Washington Post*, to see the girl. By a coincidence, Waldrop had once employed Jack Kennedy's sister, Kathleen, as his secretary.

When he saw Jackie, Waldrop asked her, "Do you want to go into journalism, or do you want to hang around here until you get married?"

"I want to make a career," she replied.

"Well, if you're serious, I'll be serious," Waldrop said. "You can start work after the first of the year. But don't come to me in six months and say you're engaged!"

"No, sir," said Jackie, meekly.

After the first of January 1952 Jackie was back in Waldrop's office.

"I guess you won't want to hire me," she said. "I did get myself engaged over the holidays."

"That won't last," the editor snorted.

He was right. The engagement lasted less than six months.

The prospective groom had been John G. W. Husted Jr. On January 21, 1952, *The Washington Times-Herald* carried an announcement of the engagement which said:

"Her fiance attended Summerfields School, Hastings, England, and was graduated from St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, and Yale University. During the war he served with the American Field Service attached to British forces in Italy, France, Germany, and India. The wedding will take place in June."

Neither family will say why the engagement was terminated. Jackie's family says simply that "the engagement was ended by mutual consent."

Husted, the son of a retired banker, is a New York stock broker. In 1954 he married Mrs. Ann Hagerty Brittain, daughter of Mrs. Raoul H. Fleischmann and the late Sherward Hagerty of Philadelphia. Mrs. Brittain's stepfather was president and publisher of *The New Yorker*.

The job that Waldrop gave Jackie wasn't quite what she had expected: she became the newspaper's "Inquiring Camera Girl." She bluffed at first while she took lessons in photography; the older photographers helped her, too. She loved newspaper work, but the other reporters and photographers in the capital found her as much of an experience as she

found them. At the National Press Club bar they still talk about the time when it took most of the male baseball writers and cameramen in Washington to persuade her that she couldn't—just plain *couldn't*—try to interview Ted Williams in the locker room after a game between the Boston Red Sox and the Washington Senators.

"But *why* not?" she kept demanding.

"You just *can't*," the embarrassed sportswriters repeated.

Jackie covered the inauguration of Dwight D. Eisenhower as President—"She's a prisoner of the Secret Service," she quoted a White House workman as saying about Mrs. Mamie Eisenhower. She even scored some scoops with intimate glimpses of the family life of the Eisenhowers (as described by their young nieces) and of the Richard M. Nixons (as described by his little girl, Tricia).

The column brought her into contact again with Jack Kennedy, who was now in a more intensive phase of his campaign for the Senate. She interviewed Jack for her column and he asked her for a date. Soon they were dating regularly. Their first date took them to the Blue Room of the Shoreham Hotel for some dancing, but a Massachusetts politician tagged along. From then on their dates were private, almost secret. They went to parties, an occasional movie, a concert.

They could only see each other for the brief time that Jack was in Washington. As his campaign progressed, he was able to spend less and less time there. But whenever he could get away from stumping in Massachusetts, he'd fly down to see Jackie. "He'd call me from some oyster bar up there, with a great clinking of coins, to ask me out to the movies the following Wednesday in Washington," she later recalled.

After his success in the election Kennedy came back to Washington and began a real pursuit of his fair prey. For six months he courted her constantly.

Then Jackie and a friend flew to London to see the Coronation of Elizabeth II, which she covered for her paper. Jack was at the airport to see them off, and he was there to greet them when they arrived back home. Jackie's feet were no sooner on the ground than he asked her to marry him.

She accepted at once.

Perhaps, as she said yes, she remembered what she once wrote to a friend when she was at Miss Porter's School in Connecticut: "I just know no one will ever marry me and I'll end up as a housemother at Farmington."

XII. *The Terrible Time*

THE WEDDING took place on September 12, 1953, three months after the engagement was announced. The wonder is that Jacqueline Bouvier survived that summer.

The excitement of preparing for a wedding would be bad enough for any young woman, but for this patrician the betrothal also meant a sudden plunge into a wild world of publicity, athletics, and the boisterous life of the Kennedy family. She learned to play touch football, to meet politicians, to greet groups of voters (many of them women eager to see her handsome fiance in person), to handle the subject's end of a press interview. She got a foretaste of the lack of privacy that is an inevitable part of the life of a celebrity when she went for a sail with Jack on his sloop, and found a photographer from *Life* aboard to take pictures for a cover story.

Even the house guests must have wondered whether they'd make it to the wedding. The Kennedys threw a big house party for all the wedding guests for five days before the great day. They scheduled all sorts of activities, some of them highly athletic, and expected everyone to keep up with the schedule. Tennis, football, swimming, sailing, picnicking filled the days; scavenger hunts and charades the nights.

The Archbishop of Boston, Richard Cardinal Cushing, performed the ceremony in St. Mary's Church at Newport. There were a dozen bridesmaids, twice as many ushers, and the glow of opulence over all. (*Vogue* devoted an entire page to a photograph of Jackie's face, describing her in the cap-

tion, which told of the wedding, as "a young woman of almost extravagant beauty"—and the picture proved the comment was not hyperbole.) Her sister Lee, who was Mrs. Canfield at the time, was matron of honor. The bride was given away by her stepfather. She wore a gown of ivory silk taffeta with a tight-fitting bodice and a full skirt. On her head was a tiara of orange blossoms and lace, and her grandmother's veil.

There was a crowd of three thousand outside the church during the ceremony, in addition to the full house inside, and afterwards eight hundred guests attended a reception at "Hammersmith Farm." The guest list was a combination of *The Social Register* and *The Celebrity Register*. For their wedding, the young couple flew to Acapulco. That was Jackie's choice; she had spent a vacation there a year earlier with her mother and stepfather, and had fallen in love with a pink house perched precariously on the side of a cliff overhanging the clear blue waters of the ocean.

It was a splendid beginning for a marriage, but it was soon followed by difficulties. There were all kinds of troubles. The first few years of any marriage are difficult: two young people, by a sometimes irritating process of trial and error, must adjust themselves to the life they will lead together. The husband must learn to accommodate himself to the unfamiliar ways of a woman; the wife's adjustment to man and his idiosyncrasies is just as vexing.

For the Kennedys, the ordinary problems of adjustment were multiplied a hundredfold by the circumstances of their marriage. Jack was in agonizing pain because of his back injury. The discomfort tended to make him irritable. The family tensions were not lessened by the fast pace the young couple maintained. They had no roots, no real home; they lived in her family's houses, or his, or in rented dwellings. They were always on the move, from Cape Cod to Virginia, from Washington to Boston, from Palm Beach to Newport—and on less familiar routes, too, to the Riviera, to California, to Chicago, to Atlanta, to Dallas. There were political banquets, family reunions, conventions, dedications, groundbreaking ceremonies.

Looking back on those days not long ago, Jackie insisted, "It was hectic but I rather enjoyed it." But she was not being as candid as she might have been. Her explanation, however, did sound reasonable. "You don't really long for a home of

your own unless you have children," she said. "I soon learned to pack quickly and go anywhere, but sometimes the one pair of shoes I needed vitally were left in a trunk in a basement of 'Merrywood'—just when I'd be in Boston."

A few of the people close to her appreciated the strain under which she labored. One of these was one of Jack's sisters, Jean Smith, who became—and remained—one of Jackie's most intimate friends. "Like most young brides," Mrs. Smith recalled, "she looked forward to a more or less normal life. She probably wanted to have a home and to have her husband in it. I think it was difficult for her to make the adjustment to the kind of life she has had to lead, but she did make it, and without feeling sorry for herself."

But Jean's comment skips over a lot of heartbreak and friction. Jackie had married a man fascinated by politics and not deeply interested in anything else; happy in a crowd, especially a big one; fond of strenuous sports and eager to have his wife participate with him. Kennedy, on the other hand, had married a woman bored by politics but passionately interested in the arts; overwhelmed by large groups and most at ease in small, intellectual gatherings; happiest when she could find a quiet moment and a hushed place for reflection.

Sometimes the problems had a somewhat comic tone. One day at 11 a.m., during their first year of marriage, Jack asked her, "What are you going to serve our guests for lunch?"

That was the first intimation she had that forty guests had been invited to lunch. She had just two hours to prepare for them.

"I was in a panic," she recalls, still shaken by the experience.

The intense "togetherness" of the Kennedy family added to the tensions of the marriage. The young couple spent a great deal of time with the rest of the Kennedys. "Just watching them wore me out," she says, but she had to do more than watch: they expected her to participate actively in all their hard-fought athletic contests. She finally put an end to that when her ankle was broken in a game of touch football.

The newlyweds bought an estate near "Merrywood" at McLean, Virginia. That was a mistake, too. Jack hated the commuting by car, especially the traffic jams at rush hour on

the bridges over the Potomac. And Jackie remembers ruefully, "I was alone almost every weekend while Jack traveled the country making speeches. It was all wrong."

Then fate struck them a savage blow: a year after the wedding, Jackie had a miscarriage.

Jack's back had been getting steadily worse. He consulted one doctor after another. Some of the doctors suggested that spinal fusion be tried; they were countered by other doctors who said the operation might kill Kennedy. Not only was the operation tricky, but Jack had been suffering from an adrenal depletion which increased the danger of hemorrhage and infection. Finally came the day of decision. It could only be made by the patient himself. Jack Kennedy looked at the crutches on which he had depended for months and said, "I'd rather die than spend the rest of my life on these things."

In the fall of 1954, the operation was performed at New York's Hospital for Special Surgery. At Christmas Jack was borne from the hospital on a stretcher and flown to Palm Beach with the rest of the family, but a month later he was back in the hospital for a second operation. Then began a long, tiresome convalescence.

Jackie was by his side during the operations and his period of recuperation. Her entire day was spent at bedside every day. She read to him, took notes for him, handled telephone calls, and gave him the love and comfort that only a wife could provide. She kept up his morale, she helped him as he tried once again to walk. When it was all over, her husband summed up her contribution in two words: "She's terrific."

It was during his six months of convalescence, most of it prone in a hospital bed, that Jack Kennedy won a Pulitzer Prize. After the second operation, he realized that many long weeks of enforced idleness lay before him. To while away the time, he decided to write a book about political courage—the same general subject that he had treated in *Why England Slept*. This time he handled the subject by presenting sketches of eight Americans—John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster, Thomas Hart Benton, Sam Houston, Edmund G. Ross, Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lamar, George W. Norris, and Robert A. Taft—and shorter comments on a number of others.

He began the book by quoting Edmund Burke's speech in praise of Charles James Fox for his attack on the East India Company in the House of Commons in 1783:

"He well knows what snares are spread about his path, from personal animosity . . . and possibly from popular delusion. But he has put to hazard his ease, his security, his interest, his power, even his . . . popularity . . . He is traduced and abused for his supposed motives. He will remember that obloquy is a necessary ingredient in the composition of all true glory: he will remember . . . that calumny and abuse are essential parts of triumph. . . . He may live long, he may do much. But here is the summit. He never can exceed what he does this day."

The book was dedicated "to my wife," as well it might be. For Jackie was a very part of the book. She helped him organize it, supervised the research (which was carried on by his aide, Theodore Sorensen, with the help of the Library of Congress), criticized the writing.

Early in 1956 the book was published under the title, *Profiles in Courage*, by Harper and Brothers, and it became an immediate bestseller. It was translated into a dozen languages, including Indonesian, Vietnamese, and Telugu.

The following year it was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for biography. Kennedy turned over the \$500 prize money to the United Negro College Fund.

His back was still troubling him after months of convalescence, but a New York physician, Dr. Janet Travell, began treating his back with massive intramuscular injections of Novocain. Although the drug affected only the symptoms of his problem, and not the core of it, it gave him the first truly pain-free days he had enjoyed since before the war.

On May 23, 1955, Senator Kennedy returned to Washington. Vice President Richard M. Nixon sent a basket of fruit to his office. When he strolled onto the floor of the Senate, Lyndon Johnson, leader of the Senate Democrats said, "We're glad to see you, Jack." The members of the Senate arose as one man and applauded Kennedy. The Republican leader, William Knowland, said, "Those of us who have gotten to know him have for him a very warm and high place in our affections."

Soon the Kennedys were back in the swing of things, traveling all over the country, making speeches, building political alliances.

In Massachusetts, trouble built up like a thunderhead for Kennedy. William Burke, no admirer of Kennedy, was

elected state Democratic chairman. Burke, an ally of House Majority Leader John McCormack, launched a campaign aimed at hurting Adlai Stevenson. Kennedy in turn organized a battle for control of the state committee. When the smoke of battle cleared, in May 1956, Burke had been ousted from his post by a vote of forty-seven to thirty-one.

When the intraparty fight was getting hot, Jacqueline Kennedy learned that she was expecting again. The baby was due in the fall.

About the middle of August the Democratic National Convention, which would choose the Presidential candidate, was called to order in Chicago's International Amphitheater. Kennedy, of course, knew that there was no possibility that he would win the leading spot on the national ticket, but he believed he might be able to win the nomination for Vice President. So it was in a mood of anticipation and excitement that the Kennedys arrived in Chicago.

It was hot in Chicago. The wind blew like a blast from a furnace out of the prairies that stretched far into the distance to the south and west. The sickening stench of the Stockyards hung like a pall over the heated city. Dust devils swirled along dusty streets, whipping scraps of paper and other litter about. The convention delegates tried to remain in air-conditioned rooms.

It was a depressing place, especially for a woman well along in pregnancy. Jackie was feeling wretched when she got to Chicago. Arrangements had been made for her to stay at the home of Jack's sister, Eunice Shriver. She could only spend part of the day at the convention. She never had a moment alone with her husband and she scarcely saw him, except from a distance.

Jack came to the fore almost as soon as the convention opened, for he was the narrator of a campaign film produced by the Democrats to extoll the virtues and achievements of their party and to condemn the faults and failures of their rivals.

On the second night of the convention, Kennedy got a call from a Stevenson aide: Stevenson wanted Kennedy to make the nominating speech on his behalf. Kennedy and Sorensen worked on the speech all through the night. Then Jack got a few hours' sleep before arising to go to the convention. His speech nominating Stevenson to be the party's Presidential candidate was well received.

On the next day, Adlai Stevenson won the nomination on the first ballot. Then Kennedy's associates and allies went to work on Stevenson. They didn't think Stevenson would select Kennedy to be his running mate, so they tried a strategy aimed at circumventing Stevenson—they begged him to leave the choice of the No. 2 man up to the convention itself.

After his own nomination, Stevenson asked the permission of the delegates to address the convention briefly on the matter. He told the delegates:

"... I have concluded to depart from the precedents of the past. I have decided that the selection of the Vice Presidential nominee should be made through the free process of this convention. . . ."

Kennedy had won the first battle!

There was no sleep that night for Kennedy, his aides, or his family—except Jackie, who necessarily had to be left out of the excitement because of her condition. This depressed her even more, the thought that she was unable to help her handsome, ambitious young husband at a crucial moment in his career.

Almost all the Kennedys were present, and they were all buttonholing delegates. Pat was in California, awaiting the arrival of a baby, but she put her husband, film star Peter Lawford, on the telephone to talk to the Nevada delegates whom he knew. Old Joe Kennedy was in France, but he got on the telephone, too, to talk confidentially with a few of his powerful political pals.

Throughout the night there were endless goings and comings from the Kennedy headquarters suite in the Conrad Hilton Hotel on Michigan Boulevard. There were discussions of strategy, and it was agreed that the only opponents who counted were Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee, Senator Albert Gore, also of Tennessee (but a Kennedy man at heart), Mayor Robert Wagner of New York City, and Senator Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota.

The first target of the Kennedy workers was the Georgia delegation. Kefauver was the toughest rival for the nomination, but the Southerners disliked him because they regarded him as too liberal. Kennedy's aides put it up to the Georgia delegation, and the Georgians, in order to stop Kefauver, voted in caucus to support Kennedy.

That decided the strategy of the Kennedy campaign. They went after every delegation, always chanting the same

theme: "It's going to be Kefauver or Kennedy, and you don't want Kefauver, do you?"

The Southerners didn't want Kefauver because of his liberal social views and many of the Northerners didn't want him either because his anti-crime investigations had hit too many top racketeers who had maintained alliances with the big-city Democratic machines.

On the morning of the third day, Jack Kennedy moved into a room in the Stock Yard Inn, next to the convention hall. He stretched across a bed as he watched the convention on television. The balloting began. The first ballot showed Kefauver 483½, Kennedy 304, Gore 178, Wagner 162¼, Humphrey 134½.

At that point Kennedy calmly undressed and climbed into a tub for a bath. The swing began on the second ballot; Kennedy's hard work was paying off. Arkansas switched to Kennedy. So did New Jersey. Then South Carolina. Mississippi. Texas. Kennedy was ahead, 618 votes to Kefauver's 551½. Kennedy needed just 68 more votes to get the nomination.

As Kennedy dried himself with a rough towel, the third ballot began. Kentucky switched; that meant 30 more votes.

"Congratulations, Jack," said Sorensen. "That's it."

"No," said Kennedy, "not yet."

He began dressing himself as the balloting went on. The third ballot began with Kennedy just 38 votes away from the second place on the national ticket. Thirty-eight and a half votes that he never got.

On the third ballot, Tennessee switched from Gore to Kefauver. Missouri switched from Humphrey to Kefauver.

In a few moments it was all over. Kefauver had won.

The young man watching the TV screen next door made a final adjustment of his tie, turned to his aides, and said, "That's it—let's go."

He appeared calm and unruffled, but his men knew better. They knew what a bitter pill he had had to suffer. But the crowd in the conventional hall couldn't tell how he felt as he entered the hall, strode to the microphone, and moved that the nomination be carried by acclamation.

The pleasant, relaxed look was a mask. Behind it was anger, hurt, pain, outrage, despair.

Kennedy took his defeat hard. He was exhausted and depressed. His nerves were frayed raw. He was still preoccupied, going back over and over again in his mind, trying to

figure out whether he had bungled anything. He was withdrawn, in no mood to talk to anyone.

His wife, already wretched, felt her spirits hit rock bottom. It was possibly the blackest day in her life. She felt alone, unwanted, helpless, ill.

Jack flew to the Riviera, to the Kennedy villa at Val-sur-Mer, while his unhappy wife went to her mother's home at Newport.

Across the Atlantic, Jack boarded a yacht and set out on a cruise. When it finally put into port, there was shocking news awaiting him.

Four days after he had left on the yacht, a cablegram had arrived from the United States with grim news: Jackie had lost the baby. It was her second miscarriage.

Moreover, she was in a hospital, having undergone an emergency operation. The doctors weren't sure that she would live.

XIII. *The Road Back*

FOR DAYS Jackie's life hung in the balance, and every day Jack sat by her bedside, haggard, his eyes shadowed by lack of sleep, his hands clenched tightly together, his lips moving in silent prayer.

And then, one day, the doctors told him the danger was past. His beautiful young wife would recover. It would take some time before she was completely well again, but her life had been saved.

So had their marriage.

Out of the anguish and pain and disappointments of the past two years, the young couple fashioned a new wedding bond, forged in the fire of adversity. They talked their problems out, quietly, compassionately, lovingly, in the hush of that hospital room. They reappraised their marriage, themselves, their shortcomings, their failures. They frankly admitted their need for each other and their love.

As all reasonable men and women must, they agreed to compromise. Jack manfully began eating—and telling himself he enjoyed—the French cooking that she adored. He became more careful about his dress. He started going to art galleries and museums with her. He broadened his reading in the classics, and found, somewhat to his surprise, that he enjoyed it: it became a commonplace to hear of Jack Kennedy reading, say, Stendhal's *The Charterhouse of Parma*. To their dinner table he welcomed guests who were primarily interested in the arts; in fact, one of his best friends in times to come was

William Walton, a neighbor in Georgetown, who is an abstract painter.

Jackie took courses at Georgetown University to learn more about her husband's interests, especially in American history, political science, and foreign affairs. She learned to golf and water-ski, and found the latter more thrilling than she had imagined: "On a beautiful day, with the wind and the sea and the sun, it's exciting just to go. You love nature, you love going fast. . . ." She restricted her smoking to five cigarettes a day. She interested herself in politics to a degree that surprised everyone, including herself. "Politics is in my blood," she was able to say a year later: "I know that even if he changed I would miss politics. It's the most exciting life imaginable—always involved with the news of the moment, meeting and working with people who are enormously alive, and every day you are caught up in something you really care about. It makes a lot of other things seem less vital. You get used to the pressure that never lets up, and you learn to live with it as a fish lies in water."

Another of their compromises involved a partial withdrawal from the sometimes suffocating embrace of the Kennedy family. During the summer vacations, for example, it had been the custom of all the Kennedys—Jack's brothers and sisters, and their children, and whatever other relatives happened to be around—to have dinner every night with Jack's mother and father. But now Jackie said, "Once a week is great. Not every night."

The Kennedys, however, did not resent Jackie's desire for privacy. Rather, they came to appreciate her *because* she was "different." "They seem proud if I read more books, and of the things I do differently," she said wonderingly. "The very things you think would alienate them bring you closer to them."

If 1956 was the turning point, 1957 was a year of great happiness.

Early in the year *Profiles in Courage* won the Pulitzer Prize, and Jack thought back to what his father had written him many years before, in commenting on Jack's earlier book *Why England Slept*: "You would be surprised how a book that really makes the grade with high-class people stands you in good stead for years to come."

In politics, too, Jack's star was rising. In the Presidential election of 1956, the team of Stevenson and Kefauver had been soundly trounced by Eisenhower and Nixon, and most

political observers believed that the defeat ruled both Stevenson and Kefauver out as top runners in the future. In retrospect, Jack was now inclined to think that he had been fortunate in losing the nomination.

His new thinking was apparent in his conversation with Hearst reporter Bob Considine, who was preparing a series of articles on the Kennedy family in 1957.

"Joe was the star of our family," Jack said. "He did everything better than the rest of us. If he had lived he would have gone on in politics and he would have been elected to the House and the Senate as I was. And, like me, he would have gone for the Vice Presidential nomination at the 1956 convention but, unlike me, he wouldn't have been beaten. Joe would have won the nomination."

Then Kennedy smiled and added, "And then he and Stevenson would have been beaten by Eisenhower, and today Joe's political career would be in a shambles and he would be trying to pick up the pieces."

Jack's career was intact; he didn't need to pick up any pieces. The thought improved his state of mind.

So did the birth of their first child on the day after Thanksgiving. With two miscarriages behind her, Jackie was fearful of losing the third baby too, all through her pregnancy. And her husband shared her fears as only a loving mate can. But their fears were baseless; the girl was born alive and well, and they named her Caroline.

And many were the nights that Jackie arose to stand over the crib in the darkness and thank God for the gift of this child that they had both wanted so much.

The following year Jack ran for re-election to the Senate. For the first time, Jackie was active in a campaign. She was at his side during most of the campaigning, and a major piece of Kennedy propaganda was a TV film emphasizing their family life.

Of course, it wasn't easy for a shy, reserved young woman like Jackie to adapt to the noisy, back-slapping ways of political campaigning. Sometimes she just couldn't keep up the attempt. One day a friend saw the Kennedy car parked outside a convent in Lowell. Jack was inside, making friends with the mother superior and the nuns (they vote, too). But outside, sitting in the back of the car, was Jackie, looking tired and bored, grimly flipping the pages of a magazine.

But that was a moment of fatigue. For the most part, she

found herself—to her surprise—rather enjoying the wild pace. “I’m so glad Jack comes from Massachusetts,” she exclaimed to a friend shortly after the election, “because it is the state with the most history. Driving from one rally to another, we’d pass John Quincy Adams’ house or Harvard or Plymouth. I think I know every corner of Massachusetts. I’m glad I’ve had a chance to see the whole state. We spent that election night in Boston, and of course Jack won by the most incredible majority—and we were so happy!”

Well they might be. It was indeed an “incredible” majority—his margin of victory was 874,608 votes, the largest plurality ever recorded for any candidate for any office in either party in Massachusetts.

A victory of such staggering proportions made Kennedy a front-runner in the Presidential considerations.

One important question was: Could Jackie take the strain that such an effort would bring with it?

She decided that she could.

“I wouldn’t say that being married to a very busy politician is the easiest life to adjust to,” she said. “But you think about it and figure out the best ways to do things—to keep the house running smoothly, to spend as much time as you can with your husband and your child—and eventually you find yourself well adjusted. I would not want my life to be anything but exactly what it is.”

Jack Kennedy stated it well:

“When we first married, my wife didn’t think her role in my career would be particularly important. I was already in the Senate and she felt she could make only a limited contribution. Now, quite obviously, she realizes that I’m in a very intensive struggle—the outcome uncertain—and she plays a considerable part in it. What she does, or does not do, really affects that struggle. Since I’m completely committed, and since she is committed to me, that commits her.”

On the other hand, he didn’t want his wife to become a feminine politician.

“I see many politicians’ wives who are just as vigorous as their husbands,” he said. “This may be fine for them, but not for me. I spend my days with politicians, not my nights, too. I don’t want to come home from the Senate and then have to defend my position to my wife all evening!”

“As it is, my wife lives, in many respects, a somewhat secluded life, which is the way she wants it. She is rather retir-

ing and is really absorbed in our daughter. I think she has been extremely successful in sustaining me, in fulfilling her responsibility to Caroline, and in enjoying life herself."

Jackie's own view of her role was similar:

"The problem that I face, and I think I'm staying on top of it, is to make our home a happy place—so that my child sees enough of her father, so that we all have some time together at home. This is as important to Jack as his career. I think it's essential to spend as much time as you can with your children. No matter what else I might achieve, if my children turned out badly, I would feel that I had failed. I'm sure my husband would, too."

As the Kennedy campaign machine began to roll, producing magazine articles, newspaper feature stories, speaking dates all over the country, and the like, three major obstacles to the Presidential nomination confronted the Senator and his advisors:

1. *The controversy over "McCarthyism."* The late Senator Joseph McCarthy, Republican of Wisconsin, whose tactics in the investigation of suspected Communists had been criticized by liberals as unfair and dishonest, was a friend of Jack's father. Jack's brother Bobby had worked for McCarthy's investigating committee. McCarthy had helped Jack by staying away from Massachusetts during the 1952 senatorial campaign, when he might have helped Lodge win.

On December 2, 1954, when McCarthy was censured by the Senate on a vote of sixty-seven to twenty-two, Kennedy was listed as "absent by leave of the Senate because of illness"—he was in the hospital for his back operations. But many liberals felt that Kennedy could have postponed the operation until after the censure action had been concluded. At a Gridiron dinner at the National Press Club, reporters in costume sang new words to the tune of "Clementine."

"Where were you, John—where were you, John,
When the Senate censured Joe?"

A current wisecrack was that Jack needed less profile and more courage.

The liberals, remembering the story of how Jack's father had bitterly attacked liberals and Jews in a private meeting for their attempts to get Jack to condemn McCarthy, had

grave misgivings about Kennedy's attitudes toward civil liberties.

2. *The civil rights dispute.* Jack's increasingly favorable national political position depended to a large extent on the Southerners. They had given him his close chance at Chicago in 1956, and they had grown even closer to him afterwards.

In 1957 a new civil rights bill had come up in the Senate. Kennedy had deserted the liberals and representatives of minority groups to vote with the South on several key issues, including a refusal to let the bill bypass the Judiciary Committee headed by Democratic Senator James Eastland of Mississippi and an insistence that the bill include a provision requiring jury trials.

Negroes now distrusted Kennedy on civil rights, and the liberals, remembering his comments to Paul F. Healy in *The Saturday Evening Post*—"I'm not a liberal at all. . . . I'm not comfortable with those people"—were unsure of where he stood on the philosophy of liberalism.

3. *The religious issue.* In 1928 the Republican Herbert Hoover had defeated the Democrat Alfred E. Smith by an electoral vote of 444 to 87, after a campaign which was almost unequalled in American history for its demagoguery—not by Hoover, a humanitarian of great integrity, but by anti-Catholic elements in the population.

Hatred of Catholics had been whipped up by rabble-rousers for political purposes, and the cause of better inter-faith relations had been set back many years by the vicious propaganda spewed forth in the campaign.

It was generally believed that a Catholic could not win the Presidency—none ever had. It would be difficult to persuade a nominating convention that Jack Kennedy, a Catholic, could win.

But there were some brighter sides to this question.

The first positive factor had been stated by a Kennedy supporter, Governor Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut, in 1956:

"Since 1928 the country has reached a deeper sense of maturity. Politicians are unimaginative when religious factors come up, but the people vote for a man on the basis of his character, personality, and principles."

The second positive factor was an often-overlooked aspect

of the 1928 race: although Al Smith lost the Border South, plus Florida and Texas, he retained all of the Deep South—so the defection wasn't quite as bad as many people believed. Moreover, the 1928 campaign had been complicated by the fact that Smith was running as a "wet," dedicated to ending Prohibition, and many parts of the country were still unwilling to give up the "Noble experiment." The "drys" campaigned actively against Smith.

The final factor was that religious considerations work both ways. Although Kennedy might lose some votes, he would certainly gain some Catholic votes. An analysis of "the Catholic vote" had been distributed by Kennedy at the 1956 convention; it indicates his thinking very clearly.

"There is, or can be, such a thing as a 'Catholic vote,'" the statement asserted. It quoted authorities who said that Catholic voting strength is at its peak, and went on, "The Catholic vote is far more important than its numbers—about one out of every four voters who turn out—because of its concentration in the key states and cities of the North. These are the pivotal states with large electoral votes, which vary as to their party support and several of which are inevitably necessary for a victory in the Electoral College. And the strength of the Catholic vote within these states is considerably increased by the findings of Gallup, Campbell of the University of Michigan, and others that Catholics consistently turn out to vote in greater proportion than non-Catholics."

All throughout 1959 and the early part of 1960 Kennedy kept criss-crossing the country in the Convair airliner which his family put at his disposal. He opened a campaign office in almost every state. He sent men on his payroll into other states to help out local politicians—with no public credit given to Kennedy. He spent money more lavishly, perhaps than any candidate for a nomination in the history of the country. Kennedy headquarters said about \$700,000 was spent in the pre-convention campaigning, but his opponents said the total was actually close to \$10,000,000; impartial observers estimated the real cost to have been about \$30,000,000 to the Kennedys.

Early in 1960, Jackie found she was pregnant again. Her role in the campaign would necessarily be limited, particularly in the later months. But in the spring she managed to accompany Jack on several of his speaking tours. And in the

campaigns for the Presidential preferential primaries, she was on hand to brighten the platform with her beauty, warmth, and charm.

At heart she remained the same thoughtful, introspective Jackie: in a Milwaukee motorcade she buried herself in the dark recesses of the back seat of a car and furtively read General Charles De Gaulle's memoirs.

The change in Jackie was marked, nevertheless. One day, during the Wisconsin primary campaign, her husband had to fly back to Washington for an important vote. She volunteered to take over his Wisconsin campaigning for him. She made personal appearances and speeches in small towns and large all over Wisconsin.

Her speeches were short but to the point. At Marshfield she told the people, "We've been working so hard in Wisconsin, and I know that if you do see fit to support my husband you will find you haven't misplaced your trust." At Neillsville she said, "He has served his country fourteen years in the Navy and in Congress. He cares deeply about the welfare of his country, and as President could make the greatest contribution to its future."

The women in the crowds, always interviewed by reporters, invariably described Jackie as "lovely" and "gorgeous." The men admired not only her beauty and her poise, but also her obvious courage in tackling a very difficult task.

When the primary election was held on April 5, Kennedy won over Senator Humphrey by 106,000, a resounding victory. In all, Kennedy entered seven primaries, winning them all. The truly decisive contest was in West Virginia, an overwhelmingly Protestant state where the religious issue had been considered paramount; Kennedy won the primary there by landslide proportions. (Money was a potent factor in that campaign, too: Humphrey spent only \$25,000 on that primary, while Kennedy was spending more than that—\$34,000—on television alone. Kennedy's total expenses in West Virginia probably ran more than twenty times Humphrey's expenditures.)

The convention was held at Los Angeles. Before it opened, the Kennedy camp could count over committed 700 votes. During the convention, rank and file Democrats turned out en masse to chant outside the Sports Arena, "We want Stevenson!" In the galleries, too, there were vociferous demonstrations for the Illinoisan who had carried the party's banner

in 1952 and 1956. Unlike the Republican convention of 1940, which had been overwhelmed by popular demonstrations and had nominated Wendell Willkie in response to the demand of the crowd, the Democratic delegates at Los Angeles in 1960 were unmoved.

Wyoming's fifteen votes in the convention gave Kennedy a total of 763, more than he needed for the nomination, and so he became his party's Presidential candidate. The final tally of the first ballot was Kennedy, 806; Senate Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson of Texas, 409; Senator Stuart Symington of Missouri, 86; Adlai E. Stevenson, 791½; all others, 140½.

The story of the Vice Presidential nomination is still enshrouded in the mists of legends, lies, contradictory versions of what could be the truth, and silence by many of the important principals. What is known is this: when Jack Kennedy went to bed that night after winning the nomination, his own aides and the powerful politicians who had supported him understood that the choice for the No. 2 spot lay between Symington and Senator Henry M. Jackson of Washington. But the next morning Kennedy went to Lyndon Johnson's hotel suite to confer with him, then returned to his own quarters to confer with two groups of his own supporters: the big city bosses (who thought Johnson, as a Southerner, would strengthen the ticket enormously) and the labor leaders (who opposed Johnson as a Southerner who would alienate the Negro vote and as a Senator who could not be labeled a liberal). In the end, Kennedy offered the second place on the ticket to Johnson and he accepted.

Jackie had not gone to the convention. The memory of that terrible convention in Chicago in 1956 still haunted her. This convention, too, came when she was pregnant, and she was determined not to risk the loss of her unborn child. The doctor agreed that the risk was too great. The baby was expected in December.

This time she watched the convention on television. She sat up, glued to the screen, as the votes for her husband piled up. It was after midnight when the vote of the Wyoming delegation gave Jack victory. A moment later, at 1:50 a.m., the telephone rang.

It was Jack. The first thing he had thought of was to call and tell her the news. Tears of happiness and love and pride welled up in Jackie's eyes as she talked with him, she in the

cottage at Cape Cod, he in his hideaway apartment on North Rossmore Boulevard in Los Angeles, across the continent.

A few minutes later Jackie stepped outside, into the cool night, in answer to the pleas of newsmen, to face the reporters and photographers and TV and newsreel cameramen who had been waiting all through the evening. She said very little to them—just a few words about how happy she was for her husband: "He worked so hard."

A fortnight later the Republican Party held its national convention at Chicago. The result was a foregone conclusion: the only rival to Richard Nixon was New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller, and he had taken himself out of the race after forcing the party's platform committee to incorporate some of his opinions into the party program. Nixon, on the first ballot, got 1321 votes to 10 for the conservative leader, Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona; Arizona then moved that Nixon's nomination be made unanimous, and it was done. Nixon then selected Henry Cabot Lodge, the United States delegate to the United Nations, to be his running mate.

Lodge had been beaten by Kennedy in 1952. Now, as Nixon's running mate, he hoped to hand Kennedy a defeat.

The battle was joined.

XIV. *Youth Versus Youth*

IT WAS BEDLAM at Hyannis Port from then on.

"That summer was something," Jackie Kennedy later recalled. "I was always coming down to breakfast in my wrapper with Caroline, and there would be a couple of strange governors or labor leaders I'd never seen before, smoking cigars and eating scrambled eggs."

She refused to engage in the usual mild campaign deceits. She wasn't "the woman next door" and she knew it—and she felt the public had the right to know it. She outraged political tradition by telling reporters that she never cooked. She said she wasn't interested in housekeeping. She made it clear that a nurse took care of Caroline, although Jackie did spend most of her time with the child.

The Auchincloss family (and the Bouviers, for that matter) had always been rock-ribbed Republicans, and Jackie amused the reporters by telling them how the GOP fund-raisers had called her stepfather to ask why he hadn't made his usual campaign contribution. "I want to live in harmony with Mrs. Auchincloss and all the other members of the family," he had told the caller, who had been unaware that Auchincloss was Jack Kennedy's father-in-law.

But the real campaigning was not done in Hyannis Port or by Jackie. It was carried on across the country, in every county of every state, and the heaviest burden fell, properly, on John F. Kennedy himself.

It was a unique campaign. For one thing, both candidates

were unusually young for the office they sought: Kennedy was just 43, Nixon 47. For another, it offered the nation an opportunity to show to what extent a candidate's religion would be a factor, uncomplicated by the "dry" issue that had confused the 1928 contest. Finally, it was a campaign in which new techniques of electioneering were pioneered, the most important of them a series of face-to-face television debates between the candidates on coast-to-coast networks.

The religious issue showed that Ribicoff was right: the country had changed mightily in thirty-two years. At the outset Nixon said, "Religion will be in this campaign to the extent the candidates . . . talk about it. I shall never talk about it." And he never did.

In his history of the 1928 campaign, *A Catholic Runs for President*, Dr. Edmund A. Moore, chairman of the department of history at the University of Connecticut, summarized that hate-filled election in these words:

"Did the Republican National Committee make a calculated decision to exploit the religious issue? The charge was repeated throughout the campaign, but it has never been proved. However, some Republican Party officials and some bolting Democrats made little effort to stop the use of that issue. There is, in addition, proof that Republican Party leaders in a number of Southern states were guilty of exploiting Smith's religion for political ends."

That could not be said of the 1960 campaign.

A number of major newspapers assigned reporters to investigate the religious issue in the campaign—to determine its extent; its effectiveness, its connection (if any) to either party. The present writer was one of those reporters. Their findings were the same: Neither the Republican Party as such, nor any of its responsible leaders, ever approved, condoned, or permitted any use of anti-Catholic material. A great deal of anti-Catholic propaganda was distributed, but it was all done by bigots, both professional and amateur, who included at least as many Democrats as Republicans.

On September 12, Kennedy walked into the lions' den: he answered questions of members of the Greater Houston Ministerial Association at a televised meeting. He told them, "I believe in an America where the separation of church and state is absolute . . . where no public official either requests or accepts instructions on public policy from . . . (an) ecclesiastical source."

This appeared to satisfy most of the ministers at the meeting, and the Republican candidate, Nixon, told the nation he believed that the voters should accept Kennedy's statement "without further questioning."

Films of Kennedy's Houston appearance were shown throughout the country by the Democrats, and some Republican spokesmen charged that most of the areas selected for showings of the films were predominantly Catholic. It was alleged that the Democrats were trying to build up the Catholic vote for Kennedy by showing him as a champion of his faith. Kennedy's aides hotly denied the charge.

It is only fair to add that investigations also showed that the Catholic Church maintained a meticulous neutrality in the election—that the hierarchy made no attempt to influence the laity on behalf of Kennedy.

The religious issue scarcely emerged into the open during the four television debates that heightened interest in the campaign. It was generally agreed, when it was all over, that Nixon made a mistake in agreeing to the debates. The incumbent—and Nixon, as Vice President, might be considered that—always has an advantage over the challenger; he is usually better known, because of his office. By agreeing to the TV debates, Nixon gave enormous exposure to his rival, without benefit to himself. Moreover, he had been hammering away quite successfully at the theme that Kennedy was too "immature" for the Presidency, but Jack's own ready answers and quick wit in the debates made many viewers think otherwise.

As an experienced and unusually proficient debater, Nixon had expected to enjoy an advantage in the debates; instead, many thought he looked wan, dispirited, and uneasy in the extemporaneous question-and-answer sessions with newsmen, whereas Kennedy looked buoyant, self-confident, and surprisingly familiar with complex matters of state.

Most of the campaigning was by plane. Nixon made campaign visits to all fifty states; Kennedy skipped six states, among them Hawaii and several Southern states. But Kennedy made stops in 237 cities while Nixon reached only 170.

The pace of a modern Presidential campaign is inhuman, and 1960's pace was the worst ever to be endured by two candidates until that time. Indeed, it was so bad that Congress later began to discuss some means to shorten the campaign period, to lessen the strain on the incoming Chief Executive.

Picture the candidate arising, bone tired, at 6 a.m. in a

hotel room in a small city. At 7 the top local politician and three or four of his closest associates join the candidate in his room for a quick review of the party's chances in that area. At 8, the candidate appears in a private dining room at the hotel for a breakfast rally of the party's workers. After that he's off—sirens screaming, police redlights flashing, motorcade speeding through traffic lights—to the morning political rally with police lines holding back the faithful. Then off again—with sirens screaming and all the other effects—to the airport, and a quick flight to the next stop. A crowd is waiting at the airport, and another motorcade—sirens, etc.—carries the candidate to the noon rally, there are brief conferences with the local politicians while the crowd outside at the shopping center is cheering wildly. The motorcade speeds to the airport for the flight to the next stop.

It is dusk when the candidate arrives to find a tumultuous crowd. (The crowds are usually tumultuous because they are all supporters.) A rally as night falls, and another mad dash to the airport. At 10:30 p.m. the plane arrives at still another city: more flash bulbs, more crowds, more politicians, another rally in the chill October air, another motorcade escorted by police back to the airport, another departure. About 1:30 a.m. the plane makes its final stop. There's a waiting crowd at the airport to cheer the candidate, and local reporters to take down his words. Later, he rides to the hotel with the local political boss. Finally, about 2:30, he collapses into his bed for a precious few hours of sleep.

In a few months one of these two men will be President of the greatest nation in the world, but in the meantime he must learn to live on hot dogs and hamburgers, gulped down on the run, little sleep (most of it sprawled in a seat on an airplane) and sheer lung power. He must be ready to deliver a speech—formal or informal, depending on the occasion—which ought to sound fresh and original, although he's probably spouted it 100 times in the last two weeks. He must even be ready to deal with hecklers or, even worse, with trouble-makers (Kennedy was not physically assaulted, but Nixon had five eggs and three tomatoes hurled at him by hoodlums in Michigan and Lyndon Johnson and his wife were jostled by an ugly crowd in a hotel lobby at Dallas).

The American political process might almost be called "election by ordeal."

In the beginning, the odds had been on Nixon to win. As the campaign wore on, Kennedy pulled abreast of him.

The undeniable Kennedy charm played a large part in his steadily improving position. A large part of this charm lay in his light touch. When he and Nixon both spoke at the annual Alfred E. Smith Dinner in New York, which was also attended by Nixon's bitter GOP foe, Governor Rockefeller, Kennedy drew laughter from the audience when he said, "Cardinal Spellman is the only man so widely respected in American politics that he could bring together amicably, at the same banquet table, for the first time in this campaign, two political leaders who are increasingly apprehensive about the November election—who had long eyed each other suspiciously and who have disagreed so strongly, both publicly and privately—Vice President Nixon and Governor Rockefeller."

His wife showed herself to be just as quick-witted. At a press conference reporters asked her about criticism by some Republicans who accused her of spending \$30,000 a year on clothes.

"I couldn't spend that much unless I wore sable underwear," she shot back.

Even with the gains that Kennedy was believed to be making, however, nobody was ready to predict that he would win. Almost all political experts—Republican, Democratic, and neutral—agreed that it would be a tight race.

In the last full week of the campaign, Kennedy averaged about four hours' sleep a night. An idea of the hectic pace he had maintained can be obtained from his itinerary that week. He spent two days in Philadelphia and its suburbs, the next day in Los Angeles, Wednesday in San Francisco and the Bay area, the following day in Phoenix, Albuquerque, Amarillo, Wichita Falls, and Oklahoma, Friday in Virginia, Ohio, and Chicago, Saturday in New York and its suburbs. Sunday was spent in several Connecticut cities and in Suffolk County, the most eastern part of Long Island. Monday, the day before the election, Kennedy traveled through northern New Jersey, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, ending up in Massachusetts. There was a final rally in the Boston Garden—this was, after all, a home town boy—and then he went to historic Faneuil Hall to make a nationwide telecast, his last appeal to the voters.

Finally, it was over. John F. Kennedy was driven to the Statler Hotel. Exhausted as he had never thought a man could be exhausted—suffering fatigue that was worse than he had endured in the Solomons after his PT boat was destroyed—he went up to his suite on the fourteenth floor, walked almost dazedly into his bedroom, pulled off his clothes and slipped into bed. It had never felt more welcome.

In the morning, Jackie was there. All the rush was over now; everything that could be done had been done. If anything had been left undone, it was too late now to do it. The candidate and his wife drove to the abandoned West End branch of the Boston Public Library, which was the polling place for the Third Precinct of the Sixth Ward. Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy voted, giving their addresses as 122 Bowdoin Street, where they had never really lived. Jack tried to protect his expectant wife from the jostling of wellwishers, but it was difficult to ward off the crowd.

After voting, the young couple, accompanied by aides, guards, reporters, photographers, cameramen, and politicians, were driven to the airport, where they boarded the family plane for the twenty-five-minute flight to Hyannis Port. When the plane set down, there were more than a hundred correspondents and over eighty campaign workers who had arrived in other aircraft. His cousin, Anne Gargan, drove the Kennedys from the airport to their home on Scudder Avenue through the cool, sunny air. They drove through a town which would vote against Kennedy, 4,515 to 2,783.

Kennedy had breakfast in his father's house, next door to his own, where all of his brothers and sisters, with their husbands and wives and children, had gathered for Election Day on the eighth day of November 1960. He relaxed for a while on the porch of his own house, protected from the cold by an overcoat. Some neighbors sent in a ten-foot horseshoe of red roses for good luck. He sent an assistant to fetch a big sack of toys he had been collecting for Caroline on his campaign trips. A few minutes later his father joined him on the porch for a long, quiet, father-son talk.

For a few minutes he had to pose for the traditional Election Day photographs. Then he saw his brothers, Bobby and Teddy, tossing a football back and forth, and he joined them in the easy game briefly before joining his wife for lunch in their own home. After lunch he slipped on slacks, a sports shirt, and a sweater and went to Bobby's cottage,

where thirty telephones, four press service Teletype machines, and direct telegraph connections with key centers through the country had been set up to get the results. That was on the ground floor; upstairs, in the pretty children's bedroom, Louis Harris, a widely respected public opinion analyst, was privately interpreting the reports from all over the country. His analyses were kept secret, restricted to the candidate, the Kennedy family, and a few top aides.

The results were not what Kennedy and his lieutenants had expected. The vote totaled 68,832,818, or 11 per cent more than the 1956 total; the 1960 vote was the greatest free vote in the United States or, indeed, in any other country. But it was a vote unclear in its meaning and, for many long hours, indecisive in its choice.

In the late afternoon, Harris' reports had begun to be somewhat pessimistic. Kansas did not appear to be voting against the Eisenhower farm program, as Kennedy had expected. Other Midwestern farm states probably would join Kansas in going to Nixon by a margin of 6 to 4. Kentucky had been expected to go to Kennedy by a fair margin, but it appeared that Nixon had won it after all. Then the big city vote from the Eastern seaboard began to come in, and things looked better for Kennedy.

The candidate ambled back to his own house for dinner. He played briefly with Caroline, kissed her goodnight, and sent her upstairs to bed in charge of her nurse. He and his wife and their friend, William Walton, the artist (who had been drafted to help in the campaign) had a leisurely dinner, the conversation on painting rather than politics.

After dinner a fourth member was added to the group: Ted Sorensen. Throughout the evening others—members of the family, campaign aides, close friends—joined them from time to time, but only for brief visits. They all watched the reports on television. As the results kept pouring in from the industrial states of the East, it looked like a landslide for Kennedy, and Jackie said, "Oh, Bunny, you're President now!" He shook his head and said quietly, "No . . . no . . . it's too early yet." He knew that these were the states that could usually be depended upon to go Democratic. The big questions yet remained: How about the South? How about the pivotal Midwestern states? The Southwest? The Mountain states? The Pacific West?

Several times during the evening Kennedy strolled across

to Bobby's house to check with Louis Harris. Each time the news seemed more disturbing, but he concealed his worry from his wife. At 11:30 she retired for the night and her husband walked across the frosty grass to the nerve center at Bobby's.

Throughout the evening, at Democratic campaign headquarters across the nation, the televised reports had been greeted with jubilation. To the average campaign worker, it looked like a Kennedy sweep. But to Harris, Kennedy, and the top group, the signs of trouble were multiplying. Michigan was in danger because Detroit, where rain had kept voters from the polls, had given Kennedy only half the plurality that Kennedy had expected; it might not be enough to counteract the Republican vote from rural districts. Ohio might be lost, too. Wisconsin was definitely lost, although Kennedy, on the basis of his great primary victory, had assumed that it was safe.

And so it went, while Morton Downey, the singer, wandered from room to room with a tray of sandwiches, acting as an amateur waiter.

Gradually the elation among the lesser echelons faded. It was obvious that the leaders were worried; the others didn't know why, but it was plain to them that something must be going wrong. The thing that was up in the air was the electoral vote: Kennedy needed 269 votes; he now had 241, but those included almost all the states of which he was certain. Now it was in the lap of the gods.

About 3 a.m. Nixon appeared on television from Los Angeles, but he did not concede. Kennedy understood; there was no reason to concede yet, with the key states of Michigan, Minnesota, Illinois, and California in the balance, and only 261 votes credited to Kennedy. Jack ate a sandwich and went home to bed at 3:40 a.m.

A short time later everyone left the nerve center, climbed into buses, and went off to catch some sleep—everyone except Bobby Kennedy, who continued telephoning political contacts about the country. In homes across the country, most people had given up and gone to bed—at least in the East and the Midwest—but a few diehards stayed up, fascinated by the suspense of this close battle. In newspaper offices, television studios, radio stations, campaign headquarters, police stations and all-night diners, radios and television sets were the focus of all eyes. The Teletype machines kept clack-

ing out streams of copy—tables of voting results, reports of Congressional, state, and local contests, comments by political figures.

One of the persons watching the television screens was Urbanus E. Baughman, in his home at Washington. Baughman is chief of the Secret Service. His primary mission is to guard the President of the United States. At 5:35 a.m. a bulletin was flashed on the television screen: Michigan's 20 votes appeared to have gone to Kennedy by a narrow margin, giving him a tentative total of 285 electoral votes, enough for election. Minutes later Baughman put a telephone call through to one of his men, Inspector Burrell Petersen, who was staying at the Holiday Heath Inn at Hyannis Port, along with fifteen other Secret Service men (a similar contingent had been posted in Los Angeles, not far from Nixon's quarters). Petersen was told to throw a cordon about Kennedy; it was presumed he was the President-elect.

At 7 a.m. the sixteen Secret Service men were at their posts about the Kennedy house, although Jack himself and the rest of his family were still sound asleep. At 9:30 Ted Sorensen got to the house, went upstairs to Jack's bedroom—Kennedy was still in pajamas, sitting on the bed—and told him that he had carried California. That made it definite: John F. Kennedy was now President-elect.

It had been a narrow victory. The final count showed twenty-three states with 303 electoral votes for Kennedy and twenty-six states with 219 votes for Nixon. Mississippi's electors were not committed to either candidate (nor were seven electors from Oklahoma and Alabama) but were pledged to Senator Harry F. Byrd, Virginia's conservative Democratic leader. The election had drawn 64.5 per cent of the eligible voters. But this enormous turnout had been almost evenly split. Kennedy had received 49.7 per cent of the vote to 49.6 per cent for Nixon. That meant that Kennedy had won by one-tenth of one per cent—a total of 112,881 votes separated the two major candidates.

The vote for minority party candidates totaled 502,773, or more than the difference between Kennedy and Nixon (but this did not mean, of course, that the minority candidates held the balance of power!). This made the election one of the closest in United States history. In 1880 James A. Garfield, a Republican, defeated Winfield S. Hancock, a Democrat, by 7,000 votes, a margin of eight-tenth of one per cent. In two

American elections candidates have lost the popular vote altogether while winning the Presidency with electoral votes: Rutherford B. Hayes in 1876 and Benjamin Harrison in 1888.

But these academic considerations didn't interest the Kennedys—not on November 9, 1960 at any rate. The day, after the election, was simply a day for rejoicing.

And when the reporters asked Jacqueline Lee Bouvier Kennedy, the new First Lady of the land, how she felt, she said, "I felt enormous happiness and relief for Jack, that it was over. It was a whole long year. It seemed that it would never come to an end. I am so proud of him. He is valiant, incredible. The odds against him seemed insurmountable. I have every confidence my husband will be magnificent and give himself completely."

And she added, "I assume I won't fail him in any way."

Soon after that they all left Cape Cod. They went to their Georgetown home near Washington. Then Jack went on, alone, to Palm Beach. Jackie was only a month or so from her confinement, so she preferred not to risk the long trip to Florida. But she wanted Jack to go, for he was utterly exhausted from the rigors of the campaign, and he urgently needed a rest before taking up the killing burden of the Presidency.

On Thanksgiving Day, Jack returned by plane to Washington to be with her and Caroline on the holiday. William Walton and his wife had dinner with the Kennedys. "Mrs. Kennedy never looked more beautiful," Walton said later. "She was full of bounce, getting up and down from the table to help serve dinner." After dinner Jack flew back to Palm Beach.

A little after 10 p.m., about two hours after he had left, a telephone rang in the home of Dr. John W. Walsh, an obstetrician who had been treating Mrs. Kennedy. It was she on the phone. She told him she had begun to hemorrhage and was feeling moderate labor pains. He said he'd be right over. Within minutes an ambulance pulled up to the door of the house at 3307 N Street, Northwest, where Secret Service men stood guard.

One of the ambulance attendants, Willard Baucom, recalls that when he and his helper went into the house, Jackie "was smiling and looking like a doll." She was carried out, placed in the ambulance and rushed to Georgetown Hospital a mile and a half away. In the ambulance, Jackie asked Dr.

Walsh if he thought she was going to lose the baby. "No," he said. She smiled wanly, hopefully.

Meanwhile Walton had been notified. He telephoned to Palm Beach and told the President-elect's staff what had happened. Jack was still aloft on his flight from Washington.

In the capital, Jackie was taken up to Surgery as soon as she arrived at the hospital. A nurse, Mrs. Caroline Grifford, said, "She was smiling when she came into the hospital. She looked very frightened but she didn't speak."

A few minutes later Jackie's mother arrived at the hospital.

At 12:23 a.m.—just about the time Kennedy's private plane landed at Palm Beach and he was told of his wife's emergency—the baby was delivered by Caesarean section, just as Caroline had been.

At 12:55 a.m. Kennedy, who knew now that the operation had begun but was unaware that the baby had already been born, was winging his way North again, his face pale and drawn, his brow furrowed with anxiety.

At 1:08 a message came crackling over the radio to the ears of the President-elect, who was in the cockpit of the speeding plane to receive it. The message was brief:

"We have just been advised by radio that Mrs. Kennedy has given birth to a boy and that both mother and baby are doing well."

A great sigh of relief escaped Jack. And then the other men aboard the plane, mostly reporters, began to grin as they realized that each of them had uttered a similar sigh of relief. Jack was popular with the correspondents.

At 4:04 a.m. the plane landed at Washington. Kennedy dashed to the hospital at 60 miles an hour in a white sedan. At the hospital the tires squealed as the brakes were slammed on. Jack leaped from the car and raced upstairs to his wife.

When he came downstairs, he looked—well, like a proud and happy new father. He drove home to the house on N Street but paused in front of it, on the tree-lined Georgetown street in the pre-dawn darkness, his figure bathed in the light of spotlights from television cameras.

"It was really something, wasn't it?" he said to the reporters, smiling exuberantly.

"What's the baby's name going to be?" someone asked.

"Why," he replied, "it's John F. Kennedy, Jr. I think she decided—it has been decided, yes—John F. Kennedy, Jr."

XV. 'Let Us Begin'

TWO DAYS after the election, Jack Kennedy called a meeting of his staff at Hyannis Port. It was an unforgettable experience for both him and his aides. "Our whole attitude suddenly changed," one of his men reported. "When Jack came into the room he was no longer 'Jack.' He was the President of the United States. We all stood up—even his brother, Bobby. It was just an instinctive thing."

In the days that followed until the Inauguration, Kennedy and his staff tried to fill eighty top-echelon policy-making posts, forty other secondary posts involving policy powers; and over four thousand other important government jobs. By the time Jack took the oath of office, only ninety-four appointments—including the eighty top positions—had been made. They included so many Harvard faculty members that James Reston wrote in *The New York Times*; "There's nothing left at Harvard except Radcliffe." And a current joke at the National Press Club was the definition of a "failure:" "A Yale man driving about in an Edsel with a Nixon sticker on it."

The Kennedy wit continued to serve him in good stead. When he appointed his brother Bobby, just thirty-five years old, as Attorney General, there were protests that Bobby was too young, too inexperienced, and had never tried a case in court. The President said lightly, "I can't see that it's wrong to give him a little legal experience before he goes out to practice law."

Shortly after the Inauguration, he addressed a businessmen's gathering. "It would be premature to ask your support in the next election," he began, "and it would be inaccurate to thank you for it in the past."

The Inauguration was held on January 20, 1961. On the eve of the great event they attended the big gala staged by Jack's brother-in-law, Peter Lawford, with the help of Lawford's pal in the Hollywood "Rat Pack," Frank Sinatra, and scores of other talented performers. A blizzard had descended on Washington, and the Kennedys had difficulty getting about Washington that day. So did everybody else.

On the cold platform, Jackie Kennedy looked doll-like as she smiled happily, despite the cold, watching her husband take the oath of office as the thirty-fifth President of the United States. As she stood on the crowded platform that had been erected before the White House, she must have remembered back eight years, to the time when she was a girl reporter-photographer covering the Inauguration of Dwight D. Eisenhower. She could never have dreamed, on that day, that less than a decade later she would become First Lady herself, at the tender age of thirty-one.

The Kennedys had coffee with the Eisenhowers in the White House before going out to the reviewing stand in front. Tears ran down Jackie's cheeks as she saw her tall, handsome husband lift his hand and repeat the tradition-hallowed words about protecting and defending the Constitution. Then, in that first moment as President, he turned his head and smiled at her, and she winked at him, and they were like any other married couple in a moment of shared happiness.

He stood straight and soberly before the microphones perched over the Great Seal of the United States, facing the vast crowd across the street, and called the people to service for the nation. Each should try to contribute to the common weal, not to drain benefits from it, he said.

It was a great speech, a noble speech, which won the admiration of men and women all around the world. The phrases kept recurring in the minds of Kennedy's listeners:

"The torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans—born in this century, tempered by war, disciplined by a hard and bitter peace, proud of our ancient heritage—and unwilling to witness or permit the slow

undoing of those human rights to which this nation has always been committed, and to which we are committed today at home and around the world.

"Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and the success of liberty."

He pledged loyalty and cooperation to our "old allies." He promised to help the newly free nations to remain free of the new tyranny from the East. He vowed to help backward nations to help themselves. He called for a war on poverty in the Americas. He swore that the United States would remain steadfast in its support of a strong United Nations. He asked "those nations who would make themselves our adversary" to join with the United States to "begin anew the quest for peace."

John F. Kennedy said where he stood, and then he said:

"So let us begin anew."

Two days later the President and his wife wandered casually into the press room at the White House. It was Sunday, and everyone was relaxing at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, including Jackie, who was wearing beige slacks and a tan sport jacket over a sweater. This was obviously to be an informal White House.

In the days ahead, that became even more obvious, as Caroline Kennedy emerged as one of the more charming news sources at the Executive Mansion. There was the day, for example, when Caroline ambled into the press room and a reporter asked her, "What is your daddy doing?"

"Oh, he's upstairs with his shoes and socks off, doing nothing," the little girl replied brightly.

But the work of the Presidency is a deadly serious business, on which the fate of millions of people around the world depends. When Kennedy had been in office only sixty days, he had sent twenty-nine messages to Congress and over twenty drafts of bills he regarded as vital. He had sent twenty-eight letters to the chiefs of state of other countries. He had made twelve public speeches. He was receiving 30,000 letters a week at the White House.

The future was cloudy. No one could see what the months and the years ahead might bring. Thousands of reservists were recalled to the colors as the nation embarked on a

quickened preparedness program. Nobody underestimated the dangers or the difficulties facing the nation and its Chief Executive in the perilous sixth decade of the twentieth century.

It was a time of gloom and apprehension, but it was also a time of exhilaration and hope. It was a time when many could ponder the words of President Kennedy's Inaugural Address:

"In the long history of the world, only a few generations have been granted the role of defending freedom in its hour of maximum danger. I do not shrink from this responsibility—I welcome it. I do not believe that any of us would exchange places with any other people or any other generation. The energy, the faith, the devotion which we bring to this endeavor will light our country and all who serve it—and the glow from that fire can truly light the world.

"And so, my fellow Americans: ask not what your country can do for you—ask what you can do for your country.

"My fellow citizens of the world: ask not what America will do for you, but what together we can do for the freedom of man.

"Finally, whether you are citizens of America or citizens of the world, ask of us here the same high standards of strength and sacrifice which we ask of you.

"With a good conscience our only sure reward, with history the final judge of our deeds, let us go forth to lead the land we love, asking His blessing and His help, but knowing that here on earth God's work must truly be our own."

XVI. *Martyrdom*

IT WAS a young men's Administration. The average age of the Cabinet was forty-seven, and the men who held the destiny of the United States in their hands were vigorous, athletic, not grey-haired elder statesmen. They were men who were willing to try, even though their efforts were not always rewarded with success.

His first Executive Order directed the Secretary of Agriculture to double the rations of surplus foods that were made available to five million jobless and needy Americans. Other actions were taken with the aim of finding employment for the disquietingly large reservoir of the workless. But at the end of his Administration, more than 5.5 per cent of the labor force remained without employment.

In under-developed countries, there were plus and minus results. The Peace Corps, established with misgivings on the part of some Congressmen, turned out to be a spectacular success in channeling the idealism and the skills of young Americans in the field of service to backward nations. But the Alliance for Progress, intended to help Latin America throw off the economic handicaps imposed by the past, foundered badly when the ruling groups in many Central and South American countries dragged their heels.

And so it went with other problems.

The new Administration had only been in office three months when President Kennedy suffered his most severe setback. Trained secretly by agents of the Central Intelligence Agency, a band of 1,400 anti-Castro Cuban exiles landed at the Bay of Pigs on the southern coast of their homeland. The CIA had expected the Cuban people to rise in rebellion against

the Castro regime, but they didn't—Castro had jailed most of the leading dissidents. Without air cover, denied them by the United States, the invaders were helpless against strafing by Castro's fighter planes (another factor miscalculated by the CIA). The invaders were all killed or rounded up, and eventually a ransom running as high as fifty million dollars had to be paid for the release of the survivors. One result of the ill-planned affair was a shake-up in the hitherto-sacrosanct CIA.

Across the South Atlantic, the withdrawal of the Belgians from their colony, The Congo, which then became an independent, self-governing nation, signaled the start of a period of chaos and terror in that land, unprepared as it was to govern itself. White men were killed or assaulted and white women were outraged; black men turned on black men as tribal rivalries brought internecine strife. Only in the mineral-rich Katanga province, which attempted to secede, was order maintained. But the United Nations, with the support of the United States, broke the secessionist movement and enforced the precarious unity of The Congo. Nevertheless, the new country was only able to maintain a semblance of order with the help of the UN, and the outlook was bleak, a state of affairs that promised more difficulties for the Kennedy Administration.

In Southeast Asia, the Communists, under the guidance of Peking, kept up an unrelenting pressure against America's allies and neutralist friends. Red China invaded India in a brief but savage assault in the fall of 1962. In Laos, where an uneasy truce had prevailed, fighting broke out from time to time. Just before President Kennedy's death, South Vietnam was wracked by internal disputes that jeopardized the national war against the Communist guerrillas; the regime of President Ngo Dinh Diem—with his sister-in-law, Madame Ngo Dinh Nhu, as its caustic spokesman—launched repressive actions against the Buddhist majority until finally the Catholic ruler was overthrown and slain, with his brother, in a coup d'etat apparently engineered with American help. One by-product of the revolt was the angry decision of the chief of state in neighboring Cambodia to stop aid from the United States lest he, too, become the victim of an insurrection.

In Europe, despite the unrestrained enthusiasm of the French people for Jacqueline Kennedy, relations between President Kennedy and General De Gaulle deteriorated to an alarming degree.

In the summer of his first year in office, President Kennedy held a summit meeting with Soviet chief of state Nikita Khrushchev.

shchev at Vienna, but found no common ground for an agreement. And a short time later the East Germans erected the Berlin Wall, which came to be a symbol of the division between East and West.

When it appeared that the Russians and their Red German allies intended to block the Western allies from access to West Berlin, the President sent Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson to Berlin as a sign of his concern, ordered 1,500 armored troops along the Autobahn to Berlin, and sent additional armed forces from America to West Germany, and the Communists backed down.

"This job is interesting," Jack Kennedy said at the end of his first year in office, "but the possibilities for trouble are unlimited. It's been a tough first year, but then, they're all going to be tough."

Even a social gathering had its hazards. At a party at the home of the President's brother, Attorney General Robert Kennedy, the White House press secretary, Pierre Salinger, was tossed into a swimming pool—a trivial prank, but it created almost as much adverse comment as a major foreign policy misstep might have caused.

But there was another side to the coin. There was considerable evidence that the Kennedys fascinated the country as a whole, even that half which had not voted for Jack. And many of those who opposed President Kennedy in politics found they couldn't help liking him for his wit and grace and intelligence.

Accepting an honorary degree from Yale University, President Kennedy said slyly, "It might be said now that I have the best of both worlds—a Harvard education and a Yale degree."

On another occasion, he emerged from two days of conferences with the leader of another country to make an informal, extemporaneous talk to a religious group in the White House rose garden. The reporters who heard him found most of his remarks so involved as to be virtually incomprehensible, so they asked Salinger to find out what the President meant. An hour later Salinger came back with an answer. "The President," he reported, "said to tell you that he doesn't know what he meant. He said that is just the way he gets after two days with the head of the foreign government."

Welcoming a gathering of the country's most distinguished writers, artists, and composers to a social function at the White House, President Kennedy told them, "This is the greatest collection of genius ever assembled in the White House—except when Thomas Jefferson dined alone."

The interest that the Kennedy family held for other Americans—and for the rest of the world, too—was apparent in the public prints (a magazine with an article about the Kennedys was sure to sell extra copies), on television (Jackie Kennedy's televised tour of the White House had a rating that would have delighted another Jackie, by the name of Gleason), and even on records (a long-play album entitled "The First Family" became a runaway best-seller with its spoofs of Bobby Kennedy competing with Caroline, astronauts preparing for an arduous visit with the athletic Kennedys, exhortations to "Vote for the Kennedy of your choice—but vote!").

Everything any Kennedy did was news, especially Caroline and John-John. Even the family pets were good for reams of copy in the papers. Touch football emerged as a national pastime and thousands of out-of-condition men who should have known better tried going on fifty-mile hikes because they heard the President approved of such walks as part of physical fitness programs. The only people whose condition clearly improved were the chiropodists.

When President Kennedy's third child, Patrick Bouvier Kennedy, died on August 9, 1963, of heart failure from the stress of a lung ailment 39 hours and 12 minutes after birth, few Americans were unmoved by his grief, and the nation showed it.

Inevitably, some of the other members of his large and active family were bound to cause the Chief Executive some uncomfortable moments. When his youngest brother, Edward (Ted), announced his decision to run for the Senate nomination, despite his youth and inexperience, against Massachusetts' Attorney General Edward J. McCormack, Jr., nephew of an old political opponent of the President, Speaker John W. McCormack of the House of Representatives, it was charged that he was using his brother's position for his own advantage, especially after Ted began stressing the theme that he could "do more" for the state—obviously meaning that he would have more influence at the White House in getting defense contracts or other benefits for Massachusetts. But the smooth-operating Kennedy political machine went into operation, steamrolling the opposition, and Ted won the nomination and then went on to sweep the state by a two-to-one margin over his Republican rival, George Cabot Lodge, the son of the man Jack Kennedy had beaten for the Senate in 1952, Henry Cabot Lodge.

Again, the President managed to take the sting out of a nasty political stroke with his light-hearted banter. Beginning an address to 12,000 Democrats in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania,

shortly after Ted's victory, Jack Kennedy said, "I should introduce myself. I am Teddy Kennedy's brother."

The intellectuals, many of whom had viewed President Kennedy with suspicion initially, were won over by his appointment of the first White House consultant on the arts, August Heckscher, and of a Presidential Advisory Council on the Arts. Opera stars, concert musicians, ballet dancers, painters, sculptors, novelists, poets—all were to be found on the guest lists at Kennedy dinners. "The precedents he set, the initiative he made in bringing the arts and government into a better relationship," Heckscher said afterwards, "will be remembered as part of the brightness of his tragically curtailed Administration."

Nevertheless, as President of the greatest nation on earth in a time of great change, most of his time and attention had to be spent on such vital issues as the Communist-free world confrontation and the civil rights conflict.

In October, 1962, finding that the Russians had sneaked offensive missiles into Fidel Castro's Cuba, President Kennedy proclaimed a quarantine of that island and by a magnificently stalwart challenge to the Soviet Union forced Premier Khrushchev to withdraw the missiles, although the Reds did not back down as far as Kennedy would have liked.

Up to then, the Russian leader had underestimated the youthful American Chief Executive. Afterward Khrushchev showed more disposition to deal with him on a basis of frank give-and-take. A result of this changed attitude was the major accomplishment of the Kennedy Administration—the limited nuclear test ban treaty.

This was an issue close to the heart of Jack Kennedy, whose children were never far from his thoughts. Soon after he assumed office, the Reds had broken a three-year moratorium on atmospheric testing, and in September, 1961, Kennedy felt he had no alternative to ordering new U.S. tests. But he did it with a heavy heart. "It really doesn't matter as far as you and I are concerned," he told a friend; "what really matters is all the children."

But he kept pressing the Russians for a treaty banning atmospheric tests, and his campaign succeeded in July, 1963, to the applause of almost the entire world. One happy by-product of the pact was a widening of the rift between the Soviet Union and Communist China, for the latter denounced the treaty and castigated their Russian comrades for reaching an accommodation with the Americans.

The civil rights struggle reached crisis proportions in October, 1962, when James Meredith, a Negro, registered at the University of Mississippi. In the turmoil and rioting that fol-

lowed, federal marshals and troops had to be moved in to restore order and Governor Ross Barnett was charged with contempt. One reporter lost his life covering the street fighting. A year later there was trouble with Alabama's Governor George C. Wallace, who had fought the integration of the University of Alabama. When four little Negro girls were killed in the bombing of a Baptist church in Birmingham—they had just finished a lesson on "The Love That Forgives"—President Kennedy said the tragedy occurred as a consequence of the "public disparagement of law and order" by public officials.

Finally the Administration introduced a civil rights bill in Congress which, although it was later watered down and didn't go as far as many Negro leaders wished, nevertheless went farther to meet grievances of that minority than any other legislation ever had done.

That issue—civil rights—did more harm to Jack Kennedy politically than anything else he had ever done. He had known this would happen, but he had moved ahead anyway, believing that decency and justice demanded it. But his popularity, at a peak early in 1961 (the Gallup poll showed 83 per cent of the people approved of him), dropped to a low of 57 per cent in October, 1963. Early in November, 1963, his rating rose slightly to 59 per cent, and Gallup said the President was most popular among Catholics, Negroes, and Jews, and especially among younger adults. The strongest anti-Kennedy sentiment, to nobody's surprise, was in the South.

So it was with some misgiving that his associates viewed President Kennedy's planned tour of Texas, scheduled for late November, 1963. Most of Texas was a hotbed of fanatic right-wing sentiment, although the worst center of extremist agitation was Dallas, where Adlai Stevenson, the U.S. Ambassador to the UN, had been struck and spat upon during a visit a short time before. As a result of his own experience there, Stevenson sent the President a message urging him not to go to Dallas—a warning he later withdrew, regarding it as unfair to the city.

In characteristic fashion, Jack Kennedy resolved to meet the challenge of Dallas head-on, by making his speech there an all-out attack on right-wing fanatics. After his enthusiastic receptions in San Antonio, Houston, and Fort Worth, the President, with Jackie at his side, made a few last-minute changes in his speech as he headed for Dallas. "Ignorance and misinformation" could "handicap this country's security," he would say in the speech. "In a world of complex and continuing problems," he would go on, "in a world full of frus-

trations and irritations, America's leadership must be guided by the lights of learning and reason—or else those who confuse rhetoric with reality and the plausible with the possible will gain the popular ascendancy with their seemingly swift and simple solutions to every world problem." Such people, he would caution, were preaching "doctrines which apparently assume that words will suffice without weapons, that vituperation is as good as victory, and that peace is a sign of weakness."

It was one of his best speeches, and it ended on a note of unusual solemnity: "We in this country, in this generation, are—by destiny rather than choice—the watchmen on the walls of world freedom. We ask, therefore, that we may be worthy of our power and responsibility—that we may exercise our strength with wisdom and restraint—and that we may achieve in our time and for all time the ancient vision of peace on earth, goodwill toward men. That must always be our goal—and the righteousness of our cause must always underlie our strength. For as was written long ago, 'Except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain'."

A good speech—but it would never be delivered.

At the airport, a cheering crowd of 5,000 roared a welcome. The Secret Service men guarding the President gritted their teeth when he insisted on going over to the fence to shake hands with as many of the people as possible. Then the motorcade formed for the ten-mile trip from Love Field to the Trade Mart in downtown Dallas. In the first car was President Kennedy, in the back seat, with Jackie on his left, and in front of him, on a jump seat, was Governor John Connally, Mrs. Connally sitting beside her husband on another jump seat. In the front seat were three Secret Service men, and others were trotting along behind and beside the car, or hopping on special foot platforms to ride briefly. The No. 2 car was a special security vehicle full of heavily armed Secret Service men. No. 3 held Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson and Mrs. Johnson, with Senator Ralph Yarborough. The next auto was full of press photographers, and the rest of the ten-car motorcade consisted of reporters and various digni-

ties.

Along the streets the crowds were ten and twelve deep, and President Kennedy, who knew that leaflets proclaiming him "Wanted for Treason" had just been distributed in Dallas, smiled happily in the realization that the extremists didn't speak for all the people of that city. It was a sunny day, with a temperature of 76 degrees, and it felt good to be getting such a reception.

As the Presidential limousine slowed to make a left turn

on to Commerce Street at the triple underpass, a well-known Dallas landmark, the Governor's wife, Nellie Connally, turned and said laughingly to the President, "You can't say that Dallas isn't friendly to you today."

Just then there was the crack of a rifle shot.

Jack Kennedy, who had opened his mouth to answer Mrs. Connally, said, "Oh!", and lifted his right hand to his throat, where a bullet, traveling an almost vertical course, had smashed through the skin just above his necktie, tearing its way down through his chest.

Jackie, puzzled by her husband's guttural sound but unaware that he had been shot, leaned over to him, her face reflecting her concern. Governor Connally turned around to see what was wrong.

At that instant, another shot split the air. This bullet struck Connally in the back, ripped through his chest, emerged to break his wrist, and finally lodged in his thigh.

Utterly bewildered by the sounds, the driver had slowed his car again now, after making the turn. Then the third and last shot rang out. This slug hit the back of the President's head. In the words of Patrolman James M. Chaney, who was on a motorcycle six feet away, "his head exploded in blood."

"Oh my God!" Mrs. Kennedy cried. "They've killed my husband! Jack! Jack!"

Her first thought was not to seek safety by ducking low, but to get help for her husband. Frantically she tried to attract the attention of the Secret Service men, whose heads were turned as they looked up toward the building from which the shots appeared to have been fired. In desperation, she climbed out on the rear deck of the open limousine to call to Secret Service man Clint Hill. He leaped onto the back of the car and pushed her down into the comparative shelter of the back seat, where she cradled her husband in her lap. Over a radiotelephone a Secret Service agent told the police escort, "Let's get out of here. Let's go to the nearest hospital."

They made the seventy-seven blocks to Parkland Memorial Hospital in nine minutes. But as soon as Dr. Malcolm Perry saw the patient who lay, stripped to the waist, on an examining table in "Trauma 1," an emergency room, he knew that, medically, the President was already dead. By cutting a hole in the windpipe and inserting an air tube, by draining hemorrhage blood from the chest, and by massaging the heart externally, he was able to "raise a semblance of a heartbeat," but at 1:00 p.m. on that fateful November 22, 1963, he pronounced John Fitzgerald Kennedy dead.

Through it all, Jackie Kennedy remained with her hus-

band, refusing to give way in public to the shock and grief that lacerated her soul. When the priest came to administer Extreme Unction, the last sacrament of the Catholic Church, she gave the responses to the prayers in a clear, steady voice. Then she slipped the wedding ring off her finger and on to the finger of her slain lover just before he was placed in a casket. Without tears, she attended the swearing-in of Lyndon Johnson as President aboard the Presidential airplane, and then she sat beside the casket during the flight back to Washington.

During the next three days, when almost all the world stood still to honor John F. Kennedy, the fourth American President to be assassinated, she bore herself as he would have wished her to do, with dignity and restraint—and pride. There were times when the ordeal was especially painful: when she had to tell Caroline and John-John; when she entered the White House for the first time after returning from Dallas; whenever she heard “Hail to the Chief” during the funeral ceremonies.

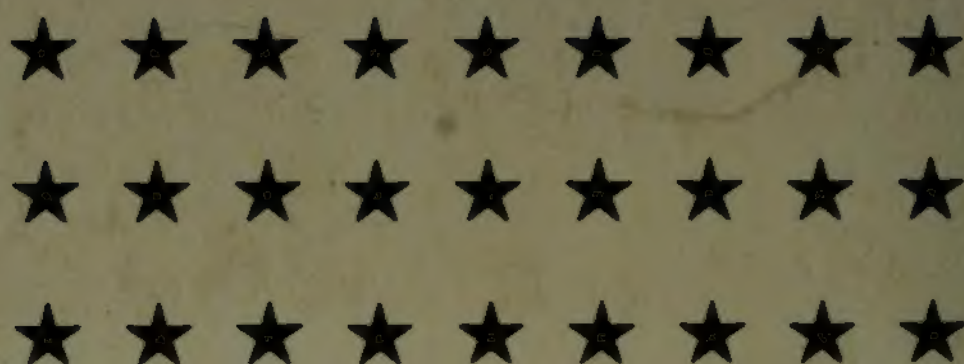
In the East Room at the White House, the martyred President, in a closed casket because of the nature of his head wound, lay in repose for one day. And then, with muffled drums, he was borne on a horse-drawn caisson to the Capitol, to lie in state in the rotunda. There the great and the humble of the world waited in line to pay honor to the young, gay, brave warrior.

In Dallas, a twenty-four-year-old ex-Marine, Lee Harvey Oswald, who had once chosen to live in Russia and later returned to the U.S., was arrested and charged with the murder of the President and of a policeman who had stopped a suspect some distance away from the assassination scene. And less than thirty-six hours later Oswald too was slain, by a night club operator named Jack Ruby—shot while in police custody.

To Jacqueline Kennedy, the important thing was that the handsome, boyish, merry, brilliant young man that she had married ten years before was dead. After the requiem Mass, after the burial in Arlington National Cemetery, with all the pomp and ceremony that attends the passing of a chief of state, she must have recalled the words written by John Fitzgerald Kennedy in his book, *Profiles in Courage*:

“The courage of life is often a less dramatic spectacle than the courage of a final moment; but it is no less than a magnificent mixture of triumph and tragedy. A man does what he must—in spite of personal consequences, in spite of obstacles and dangers and pressures—and that is the basis of all human morality.”





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